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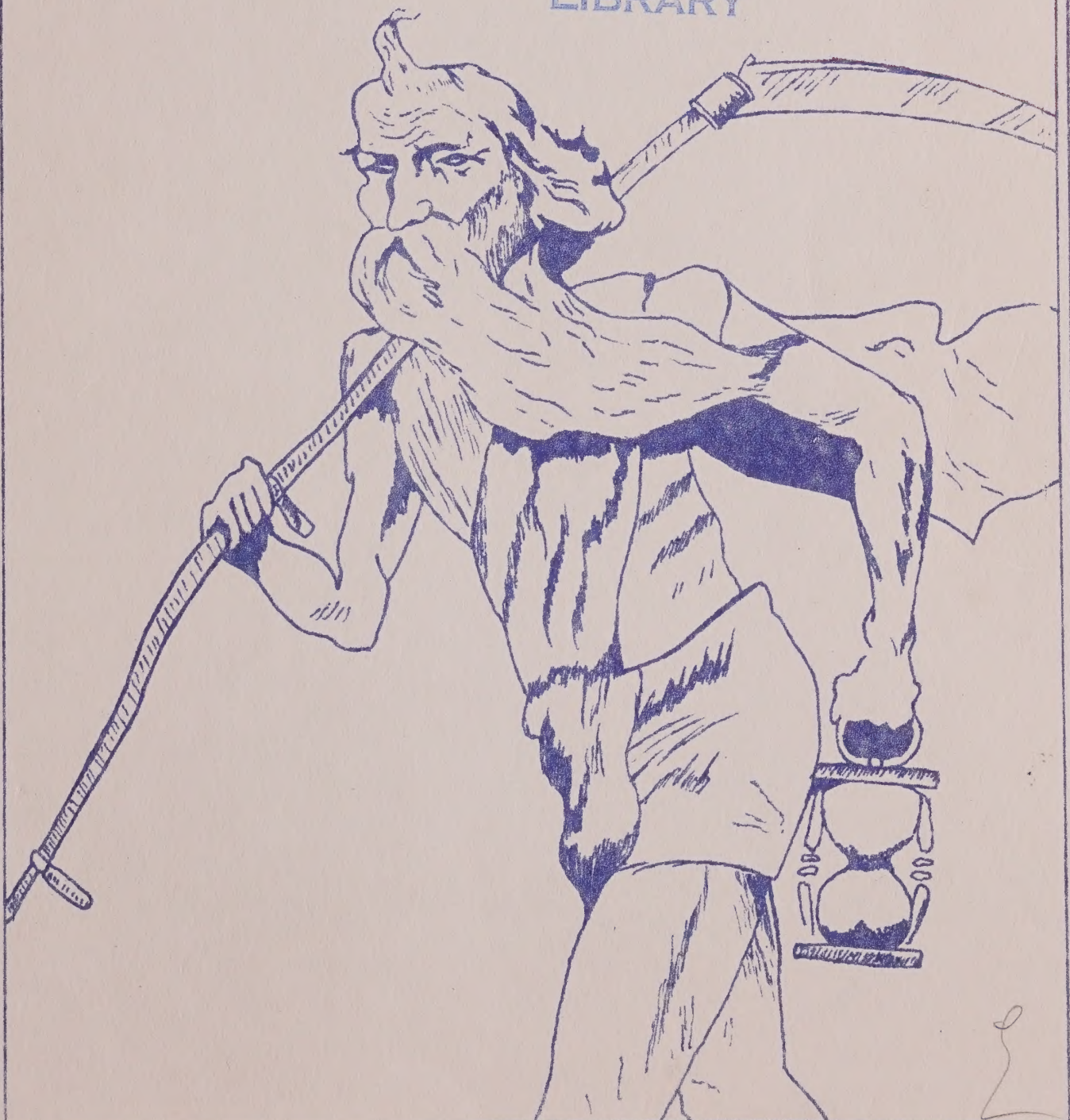
COMMUNICATOR

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EDITORIAL

by bob eby

KERRY HOLLAND was one of the better things to happen to the COMMUNICATOR over the last year or so. He came on staff, having had very little experience cartooning or doing lay-out and graphic design, and about a year later, is now a fulltime student at the Nova Scotia School of Art and Design, where he is studying graphic design. Kerry did some of the best graphic work this publication ever had . . . his work was so good it caught the attention of a newspaper editorial staff person at the AMHERST DAILY NEWS, a man just newly appointed to this institution's Citizen's Advisory Committee, who took an interest in him and encouraged him by suggesting that he submit cartoons to the Amherst newspaper. Now, the fact of the matter is, the AMHERST DAILY NEWS is not one of the publishing giants of the world, but a fact which has as much relevance is that it is one of the more respected publications coming out of the Maritimes, and, as such, has its pick of the cartoonists who submit their work for sale across the country. Kerry began drawing for the newspaper and published close to one hundred professionally published cartoons, and all just as he was turning twenty-one.

The kind of encouragement and support that Kerry got from the people at the AMHERST DAILY NEWS says a lot for what community involvement inside penal institutions can mean to the individual involved, but it should be understood from a macroscopic viewpoint as well. By supporting and encouraging a talented youngster like Kerry, through the AMHERST DAILY NEWS, the community has gained someone who will make a contribution who might have otherwise been lost to the revolving door that prison experience all too often is. It is this kind of community involvement which will eventually reserve prisons for only those who are categorically a real threat to society, those people who cannot or will not control their destructive urges to the point that they go around physically hurting other people, causing real and significant damage, rather than the less than \$300 in displaced property that the average offender is serving at least two years prison-time for.

When people can expect to be rewarded in the same way as other people are, they tend to respect one another more equitably; it is when people feel no hope of achieving whatever is worthwhile to them that they turn on those around them and react with hostility and spite, which is what is happening most often when offenders are acting out against authority, against those who have what most people seem to want but which many feel and/or know they can't get without having to go to ridiculous extremes -- like having to work at dead-end, dirty jobs the rest of your life.

When the community takes an active interest in its members (and those on the fringe), that community will be a healthier and happier place to live. Guilt and fear will no longer be dominating forces in the community and its members will learn to care about one another. If there were more groups actively engaging themselves in the lives of youngsters in trouble with themselves and their society, the prisons of this country would empty of all but the small percentage who are committed to living outside the law and to those society has good reason to fear. Until that time, though, society has no legitimate complaint about kids going awry -- after all, unlike in fairy tales, they weren't made in heaven. And, to a troubled kid, theft and vandalism may be the only ways that person feels s/he can get your attention.

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CENSORSHIP within these pages used to allow characters in the fiction section to speak as they do in real life; but, times have changed and we are no longer permitted to use what some people term vulgar language, although we can continue to describe the vulgarity that is prison. "FOUR-LETTER" words, except ones like kill, hate, beat, dead, time, rape, Hole, jail, rule, pain, fear, and the n-i-s-y that goes with hypocrisy, even if they are in the dictionary, will not be seen again. We will go along with this newest rule while we feel we are getting some of the things said which need saying.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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Trilogy

by CARL A. ROBINS

A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

HOLDOVER TANKS DETAIN FELONS AWAITING THEIR FATE BEFORE THE BENCH. The accused are handcuffed, shackled, then marched in pairs to Holdovers outside the courtroom. From these cruel tanks prisoners are summoned to court as their names appear on the docket. Jailers prod and pack prisoners into the tanks, permitting no protestations, no backtalk. Do what you're told—and quick, or get your brains knocked out. The meanest criminal on earth is pussy next to the skull-draggers working the Holdovers. These jailers are too vicious to work the streets.

I was shoved into a gandan sweat box. Two-space built for thirty. killers, shoplifters, crippled and bloody from beatistic police and prison-vomited standing up, the feet in all directions. Stuffed to the rim with The stench kneed me in gravy breakfast struggled old Mexican with a bandage-base of the toilet like a to care that he was pissed his way through the sullen

Air was sparse and caustic smoke raked my nostrils five-gallon water bucketing, with a single cup to best to go thirsty after use the cup. No soap, tow-washing my hands. All I sweat and tug at my raw

I counted nine men in scheduled for trial by the familiar county jail iled in black letters front were waiting to plea bartalk with legal scavengers Other prisoners were half-or shoes. These men were from drink joints, and off before. Many were still their hideous predicament.

I spied a man with a hip cast, another without an arm; twenty prisoners, at least, had black eyes and busted lips. I saw cuts, sores, and swollen hands; bloodmatted hair and deep bruises. The Holdover mirrored scenes from Nazi Germany. Jews beaten, separated from their families, lives literally torn from reality, pushed and packed into cattle cars, marked for death in a flurry of madness. The scene was a distortion of truth, a revulsion full of unbelief. We weren't men. Nothing about the Holdover resembled Humankind. This was a grotesque illusion inhabited by broken, pathetic, loathsome creatures posing as men.

BACK HOME BLUES

The chain ride to Huntsville would take slightly over an hour. Sixty prisoners herded aboard the prison bus. A shotgun-toting guard, secure in a cage at the back of the bus, ordered us not to smoke or talk during the trip. The bus was a mobile isolation cell—stripped down, silent, cramped, designed to generate sober introspection.

Some experience prison as death. For others, prison is a place to be "somebody," a place to wheel and deal along the barred freeways, strutting in their starched whites, flaunting the role of Head Cutter, Icy Pimp, Boss Thief, or Heavyweight Dope Dealer. Many felons find prison comfortable, a mechanical existence involving few breakdowns and fewer responsibilities—a far better deal than what they had outside. Looking into the eyes on the bus, it wasn't difficult to figure who felt what.

1 9 8 0

P. E. N.

AWARD WINNER

for

BEST NON-FICTION

ENTRY

Holdover resembling a U-hundred men forced into a Young, old, tramps, gays, pled and sick, some battings at the hands of saders. Winos and junkies foul shit splattering ten The tank had one toilet, crap and comic strips. the gut. My grits and for a second chance. An ed head curled around the soggy pretzel, too hurt on. A skinny kid inched crowd squeezing crotches. tic. Clouds of cigarette like paint thinner. A was passed in for drink-go around. I thought it watching a dozen spitters els, or possibility of could do was stand and hemorrhoids.

suits. The "suits" were jury. Most prisoners wore khakis with COURT stenc-and back. The "khakis" gain, accept sentence, or hustling pocket change. naked, some without pants dragged from their homes, street corners the night dazed, unable to focus on

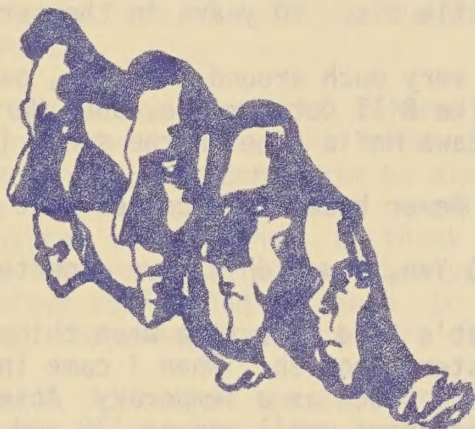
Two-thirds of the chain riders were under 21. Pink-cheeked potheads shackled to dull-eyed killers, forgers shackled to rapists, till-tappers to street junkies—all trying to look tough like Texax "convicts" should, all telling themselves "Ain't nobody gonna fuck over me!" Yet all were frightened and filled with images of gang rape and brutal beatings. The thought of what awaited them in Huntsville shredded bowels. A cream-skinned black youth shit his pants on the spot.

I felt out of place among the young criminals. I felt like an old plug stumbling down a fast track. My generation of convicts were dead, dying or sealed tight in max units across the country. Some were insane. Some too dangerous to allow in population. Others were helpless dummies, rendered innocuous by Thorazine. All were broken and shriveled, pale shadows of yesterday's vivid defiance. Even the badass guards were dead, retired, or banished to a lonely guntower.

It was sad to think of old friends, once brave and virile, reduced to baggy pants, Chaplains pushing brooms along the cellblock tiers, dusting bars and being badmouthed by shower room punks. When viewing the total landscape, nothing is more obscene than the old, defeated convict, content with his snuff and daily soap operas.

Everything about an old convict is dusty history. His walk, talk, and beliefs are riddled with decay and self-deception. The old convict survives on scarred memories. He freezes time and sucks the past like a ripe orange. Reality can only be experienced while traveling down familiar, well-worn highways in reverse.

The young prisoners chained to me would so soon be "old convicts." But they were deaf to the rush of time. Not a single kid on the bus could see me as him tomorrow. "Tomorrow" held no meaning to a poor bastard heading for Huntsville. It was root, hog, or get fucked off—today!



Peering through the heavy wire covering the bus windows, I tried to absorb as much freedom as my brain would hold. At that moment the passing cars, glaring billboards, and silent homes were seen as never before. Even the roadside litter took on a new meaning. Everything was so beautiful and intense. My gut told me I would never see it again.

The bus pulled into Diagnostic Unit shortly before noon. This is the receiving center for all new prisoners. While locked down at Diagnostic, each prisoner is evaluated and classified according to age, offender status and conduct. There is a physical and IQ examination, plus a variety of data gathering.

Nobody can psych himself up for what goes down at Diagnostic. This phase of confinement is often remembered as the most debasing. It is a heartless world of silence and strict discipline, a permanent condition of doglike obedience and lost nerve. Here you learn that you're in the penitentiary, that the guards run the show and you toe the line. Your piss is taken away in a matter of minutes. There is everything to be afraid of.

The debris of your life are picked through and filed away. Your mouth and rectum are probed. Your hair is chopped off, your body stripped and sprayed for lice. Every mole, scar, and tatoo is recorded and photographed. You're dressed in ill-fitting coveralls and heavy brogans—all size D. You're given a number: burn it into your head, it's more important than your name. You're handed a rule book. Don't get caught without it.

Your cell is small and barren: no pictures, no mirror, no table, no radio. There's only you, your hard mattress, your meager belongings: toothbrush, soap, razor, pencil and writing tablet. Except for the crude graffiti—KILLED MY WIFE AND GOT LIFE 4/9/75—scratched alongside the metal bunk, no trace remained of former tenants.

(Cont. on Page 40)

45 MINUTES WITH THE NEW WARDEN: Alan E. Stevenson

by bob eby

COMMUNICATOR: Perhaps, it would be best to begin with some biography, you know, a little of your background...

STEVENSON: As I mentioned to you before, I was born in the Maritimes, in Summerside... God's country, and moved out of the Maritimes when I was quite young to the Montreal area, just outside of Montreal. Took my early grades-school education there. I guess I was about ten or so and we moved to Ottawa, where I lived for eighteen years. Went to school there, went to Highschool, and on to Carleton and graduated in... 1970, I guess. Got married while I was in Ottawa, have three children. In 1970, early 1970, I got a job with the pen service at Warkworth Institution as a classification officer. In '73 was appointed Head Living Unit at Warkworth. Worked in that position for about three years, '76 was appointed Assistant Warden Technical Services at Warkworth, and last December of '79 was appointed Assistant Warden of Security, also at Warkworth. So all my time has been at Warkworth Institution, a sister institution of this one. I was appointed Deputy Warden at Warkworth about a year ago, you know, the function of Deputy Warden being someone designated acting in the warden's position in the absence of the warden.

COMMUNICATOR: That all makes you sort of a "Johnny-come-lately," then; 1970? Christ, that's just down the road....

STEVENSON: Yeh, a little bit. 10 years in the service...

COMMUNICATOR: It's also very much around the time, say '65 or '66 on, when people like Bill Outerbridge, John Unroe, and all the so-called Ottawa Mafia came on the scene (laughing).

STEVENSON: (Smiling) Never heard them called that before.

COMMUNICATOR: (Laughing) Yeh, I wouldn't have expected you would.

STEVENSON: Yeh... that's kind of a time when things started to change in the system, too, eh. When I came in, when I first started there, there was nothing such as a Temporary Absence or a Day Parole. They didn't start those programs until around '70 and '71 but it was a very haphazard sort of thing...

COMMUNICATOR: It was called Temporary Parole then...

STEVENSON: Yeh... all you had to do was write a sort of memo to the warden and it was either granted or not granted, so the bureaucracy hadn't set in, but, also, it was kind of a time when, well, at least four institutions were built across Canada... Springhill, Warkworth, Cowansville and Drumheller, all sort of the new era in institutions. So I was coming in sort of at the beginning of that rethinking in the Service when it moved to a more program-oriented type of perspective.

COMMUNICATOR: A lot of people don't know it, but this institution has the highest percentage rate of Temporary Leaves of Absence granted over any other medium-security institution in the country.

STEVENSON: I think what probably boosts your stats a lot, if my initial observations are right, is the group t.a.'s. I've never seen a program of group t.a.'s like you have out of this institution.

COMMUNICATOR: That's right... bowling t.a.'s, ball-playing, clam digging a couple of weeks ago, pool playing, swimming...

STEVENSON: Yeh, a number of them surprised me in terms of that type of activity...

COMMUNICATOR: I was wondering then, do you intend bringing in any new policies that will affect that programming?

STEVENSON: I guess my general orientation at this point is that I am coming out of an area that had certain perspectives on things and coming into a new institution, an institution that in my view is operating very successfully from an administrative point of view. There are some things that very early on I would like to see changed in the institution but that doesn't so much focus on programs and things that are happening with the inmate population as other things.

COMMUNICATOR: Such as...

STEVENSON: Well, uh, the physical plant, you know, the buildings themselves... the maintenance level is somewhat different from what I'm used to. I know that this institution has come a long way in the last three or four years in terms of bringing up the appearance and I would like to continue that process, you know, to focus on that a bit. But there is also staff interrelationships, probably policies which I haven't dug into yet. I haven't had a chance to get into the actual operation of the institution, you know, what makes it tick, Standing Orders and that sort of thing. So that there are things in the future that I'm going to be looking at, but t.a.'s aren't part of that. My personal bias about Temporary Absence is to view them as a very important operating tool from the point of view of giving the inmates something to work towards. You know, if you only have the goal of parole or early release in some form to work towards, it's often such a long term goal that it's hard to keep in sight. We have to have something more immediate to work towards that improves a person's commitment to what they're doing with themselves in the institution. So, I don't see any reason to change temporary absences. Everyone knows... all the staff are very supportive of the program, they feel that it is developed to the point where they are very comfortable with it. I don't see any change going one way or another, at this point anyway. I may in individual cases, have perspectives about the type of individual who should be going on t.a., but that's yet to be seen.

COMMUNICATOR: One of the things that goes on here is the manifestation of an inferiority complex. Too often I hear people talking about Springhill as though it is second rate to places like Joyceville and Warkworth, and because I've had considerable experience, not only here but in Joyceville and Kingston, I'm inclined to think that I know the difference. I'm going to be interested in seeing what your perspective is going to be down the road, after you've had a chance to get a look around here, because there are things happening here that are almost unknown elsewhere.

STEVENSON: Yeh, and I think that the key word is "unknown"... I think that maybe up to this point Springhill hasn't been very good at broadcasting what it is doing, publicizing it and so on. And I think a lot of the Ontario institutions have a knack for doing that...

COMMUNICATOR: It's known as hustle (laughing)...

STEVENSON: The most striking thing about... a new warden comes into a place with certain anxieties, concerns and things in his mind... obviously, and the thing that I've been faced with here is the level of activity in the institution. I'm talking about the rate of employment, the fact that there are jobs for virtually anyone who wants to work; the fact that each of the divisions in the institution is a very active sort of operation here. And I've found very little reason to question or criticize any of the individual aspects of the institution. But, certainly, inmates are busy. They have a variety of things with which they can involve themselves; the facilities which are provided are reasonable; staff seem to me to be keen, they seem to want to work at their jobs, they seem to have a focus on the inmate population that I am not totally used to. That encourages me. I find that a really important sort of ingredient in terms of trying to keep an institution going for the betterment of the staff and inmates, and the service as a whole.

COMMUNICATOR: One of the differences that you're going to find or that you have already found is the difference in the level of sophistication, level of motivation and awareness among the inmate population itself. On the whole the population here are pretty apathetic about starting anything new. It just seems that most of the kids (the average age here four years ago was 23.4, with 48 per cent being under 21, and the average is probably lower now) most have trouble coming up with ideas to get things

(Cont. on Page 42)

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

THE ORIGINAL ESSAY

(PART ONE)

by Steven Rogers
U.S.A.

THIS LETTER MERELY CONTAINS THE EXPLANATIONS AND SOLUTIONS FOR WHAT I consider the problems of the human race. I have no knowledge of or background in philosophy or psychology. But I feel that any solutions to the problems of the world have to be "commercial," i.e., trashily simple to comprehend and initiate, so I consider my "ignorance" to be no handicap. Also included are my opinions and experiences on subjects related to "The Answer."

I believe human reality generally reduces down to what I call the Twin Deity. All most people care about is that when they die and go before a non-existent God, they can pull out a chain of people from one side and scream, "All these people loved me," and pull out a chain of people from the other side and scream, "And my life was just as good, has just as much quality as theirs." THAT'S IT!!

Unfortunately for most, CREDIBILITY IN LIFE IS EVERYTHING. People spend their whole lives seeking credibility, or getting people off their backs, or killing pain. Even when they don't have to anymore, they do. However, many people get themselves into a situation where they have to keep serving the Twin Deity or risk losing their "investment" with it. Society (I mean the continental U.S.) resents anyone who defies the Twin Deity and is eager to persecute/prosecute anyone who strays from the path.

People think the government, big business, the Arabs, etc., keep them in chains, but that's not true. People keep each other in chains by invoking the Twin Deity and their clout with it against one another by whatever psychological technique they have at their command. In this way, they divide and conquer each other.

People really believe in the Twin Deity. This is the average person's concept of God, even if they belong to an organized religion, whether or not they realize it. Take the Twin Deity out of the Holy Trinity and you're left with very little if anything that will continue to compel Christians. And since there are so many ways to serve the Twin Deity, people aren't aware of its "existence." For the record, I have no belief in or respect for the Twin Deity.

People have little or no interest in the truth, but are addicted to reality. Reality is when a husband shoots his wife; the truth is that they should have worked out some other solution. To be fair, people consider reality to be 80 percent truth and 20 percent ignorance. I say it's 20 percent truth and 80 percent ignorance. The human race is mad because people constantly identify ignorance as the truth.

"Entertainment" comes in three categories -- love/art/beauty/temptation (all the same thing), drugs/survival tactics (both the same), and pain killers/escapism (both the same) -- the words drug, survival (tactic), pain killer, and escapism are all meant psychologically, unless otherwise noted. The first category consists of things a person considers truly worthwhile.

People say that "love is the answer" and I agree. But the best way to say that is as "temptation is the answer." Temptation is the answer!!

My definition of a drug is love that enslaves for the sake of survival. When we haven't the money/power/freedom (all the same thing) to obtain the love/art/beauty/temptation we desire, we turn to something still attractive, but less so, in order to stay spiritually alive and make life worthwhile.

Escapism and pain-killers are "entertainment" that we engage in that we do not truly enjoy.

There are four things that "prove" the human race is in the Dark Ages -- monogamy, religion, alcohol, and any political system save capitalism.

Without jealousy (insecurity), marriage as an institution cannot survive. The main reason people marry is materialism (insecurity) or materialistic insecurity. The third main reason is love (at last a sane reason). Monogamy is barbaric. Any commitment made through marriage that isn't made through love is artificial.

If someone purchases or acquires something they really want, it's not materialism. But if it's done to win credibility with the Twin Deity, done with the belief that "keeping up with the Joneses" and becoming more popular with other people will lead to some kind of "true fulfillment," then it's materialism. It's not materialism if they would make the purchase/acquisition even if it didn't lead to more credibility, or even hindered it. Materialistic people are basically saying "love me, love me" in a very dehumanizing and even desperate way, but only if their "materialism" is done in the spirit and service of the Twin Deity.

I believe in the family but not the sanctity of the family. I consider parents no more sacred than teachers or employers. Since beauty is in the "eye" of the beholder, if someone is truly unique there's nothing wrong with them not loving their relatives. When love is not wanted, it's not love any more -- it's molestation, be it physical or psychological.

Religion is group-plan mental illness. Being an atheist, I don't believe in God. But if there is a God, I believe it is the lowest form of life, not the highest. The important thing to realize about religion is that if civilization were utopia, no one would desire religion or to serve the Twin Deity. People might still want its cultural or social/artistic packaging, but not its content. And they might still be curious about life after death, but in a utopia religion would be no more popular than alcoholism is desirable. In fact anything good or bad, psychologically, that can be said about alcohol can be said about religion in an equivalent manner.

The only difference between Billy Graham and Reverend Moon, regardless of sincerity, is the difference between beer and whiskey -- one of concentration or degree. Essentially it's the same poison. Jonestown was state of the art religion.

And anyone can do what Jim Jones did, it is very easy. All he did was become very good at divide and conquer techniques. He made small scale D & C and large scale D & C one and the same. Ideally, he could divide any one of his followers from any other, at any time, and in any numbers. The techniques used are drenched with childishness. I know because I had my own cult when I was seven -- the cult of "The Secret Book," of which I was the creator and undisputed leader.

Likewise if civilization were utopia, no one would be interested in alcohol. All booze is good for is a social pain killer or social crutch. Drinking by yourself is as the sound of one hand clapping.

The terms I use to describe "entertainment" can sometimes be applied to other things as well. Belief in monogamy, religion, and political systems other than capitalism is indulging in drugs, love that enslaves for the sake of survival. Drinking and praying, unless the latter is done by a zealous believer, (as a drug) are pain killers. But when added to the cultural milieus they are often found in, they are often enjoyed as drugs. Drugs strike the perfect balance between love and pain killers.

The detractors of capitalism say it is "inherently corrupt," a fancy way of saying it is evil. Evil doesn't exist, only ignorance. Acts that are immoral and wrong surely happen, but we should not forget to look at the truth behind the reality. The reason civilization isn't utopia is culture-phobia, a fear of the power of other cultures. Racism and anti-semitism is culture-phobia.

The only reason marijuana is still illegal is because older people still haven't gotten over the trauma of the sixties yet, again culture-phobia. Anything good or bad, psychologically, that can be said about marijuana can be said about television in an equivalent manner. Jailing someone for smoking pot is like jailing someone for watching TV.

Unfortunately almost everyone has at least one favorite flavor of culture-phobia, whether you hate one of the above or are against lust, criminals, male "chauvinist pigs," or disco music. Even Christians (the less tolerant ones) have the "Devil," the forms he takes in reality, to hate. And belief in "evil" is almost always culturally or socially/artistically based. Until everyone has access to their culture, we will have culture-phobia. The key to utopia is popular culture, though it will have to become much more intricate.

Everyone knows that if you don't like or even acknowledge someone, they'll probably resent it. And that people would be ruder to each other if they could get away with it (without threatening their status with the Twin Deity). But these facts of life go to extremes that most don't realize. With few exceptions, if you don't love someone they will eventually totally hate you, even if you're perfect. That person will be convinced you're evil, inherently wrong, if you don't love little old them. This is because they probably believe in the Twin Deity and assume you do too, and that all they have to do to win your love is "keep the faith." If that doesn't work, then you must be evil, of the "Devil," a serious threat to their investment with the Twin Deity. Hate, which is also a drug/survival tactic, is the result.

On the other hand, if you love someone, anything goes. You can be a homosexual nazi child rapist, you're still okay, inherently right. You may "just have some problems." Even if you feel being a HNCR is okay, the loved one might rationalize it by saying, "Well, I always hated that kid (rape victim) anyway." But if the loved one really loved the rape victim, they will cease to believe the HNCR really loves them.

Very often people may really love only a part of a person's soul. This doesn't mean their love is any less real, but it can be a problem if their love is too selfish. To explain what I mean, if a child begs their mother to buy a ten-pack of assorted cereal, he may only want one or two of the boxes and have no interest in the others. In fact, what the person may love may exist in reality but not in truth. In other words, the loved one may pretend to be something they aren't in order to make life easier, which means the loving one loves someone who doesn't really exist.

Racism is usually repulsion felt for black entertainment, culture, or style taken to the point which the racist feels is intolerable, and is often accelerated by lack of satisfactory access to the racist's own culture. Aside from fear of "contamination" of white women and resentment for those blacks who abuse Welfare, racism in everyday terms is just dislike of black entertainment. If a racist thinks a person, black or white, really likes "that crap" black entertainment, they then conclude that person doesn't really love them. Which is often true. Get enough unloving people liking the same thing, and the culture-phobic person concludes that "ugly" form of expression is "heartless," therefore evil, and that it should be destroyed or at least "get it out of here."

When people who are culture-phobic about the same thing get together an attitude of cultural facism develops. If a culture is believed evil, the cultural facists often support efforts to become more powerful than and/or to destroy that culture.

But if people can't do what they want in an intelligent, mature, and responsible manner, they'll find some other way to do it. If you won't let people do things the right way, you're as responsible for the consequences of people doing things the wrong way as they are themselves.

NATIONAL



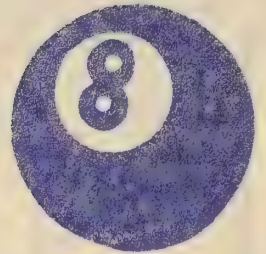
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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by Bob Fairm



WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN. NOT MUCH going on, as usual. A few events such as "A" Range put in for a corn-boil; it looks pretty good for them to make it. I hope this sets a trend for the rest of the unit. Also, at long last, our washer and dryer is hooked up. It's going to take a big load off the laundry boys who have been doing personal laundry for the guys. Got to thank them for doing a good job for us. As to the rest of the unit news, it's as follows:

MIKE finally made a pass (Better things to follow, eh, Mike?); BLAIR got out of the hole; DARCY won't shut up about his short time, he's got it down to the minutes now; CECIL is still contemplating suicide; BOSS goes in front of the parole board this month -- as he would say, "no problem." Good luck,

N-NUMBER

N-NINE by Marty Smith

IN THE LAST MONTH OR SO, NOT MANY things have been going on. We had a MONTE CARLO NIGHT, to raise money to start a CREDIT UNION SYSTEM in our unit. The Monte Carlo Night went off pretty well; the inmates of NUMBER NINE really enjoyed themselves, and the extra hour out of our cells was great. We had a few winners and a few losers, but the main thing was everyone had a great time. We earned \$93.60 to get our fund started with. The Credit Fund started August 25th and is working out quite well. As a matter of fact, the unit is doing quite well lately.

Well, once again, the BALL SEASON will soon come to a close with NUMBER NINE winning the pennant for regular season play. We finished

BOSS; HARVEY is biting his nails still; SASSY BOBBY got ten days consecutive for possession of hashish. And, last, but not least, BIG AL is leaving us to go to Number Ten unit. We're going to miss Happy Face... he's one of the few people who says good-morning at seven o'clock in the morning, and on a Monday morning at that! Anyway, we are going to miss him. Take care AL and good luck.

Well, that wraps up another unit coverage for this month. Take care all you free people; and the ones that are not, Lay Low, Go Slow and Keep Cool!

up on top and took the first-place trophies. With the pitching of JIM (Fast) MacDONALD and DAVID (STUFF) TOWLER, and the catching of BILLY (Throw-out) MELNICK, our guys played well all year. We're now into the play-offs and got the bye, so we will have a chance to rest up before taking on the other units for the championship. Credit should go to the other two teams too. NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER ELEVEN played a lot of good ball throughout the season.

You cannot count any of them out yet, though, not until they are put out.

The "B" LEAGUE TEAM placed 3rd in that league but hopes to pull it off in the playoffs, with the pitching of LITTLE JOHN DIONNE and the rest of the team.

Well, that's it for doing time in NUMBER NINE.

Later!





ROY ENGLAND informs me that our SLO-PITCH "B" League TEAM is doing very well. We finished FIRST in the regular season of play and have eliminated NUMBER NINE in three games. Roy says he's pushing the team all the way this season.

GLEN THOMPSON is doing well as our GROUP T.L.A. COORDINATOR. The recent slow-down in group T.A.'s is the result of the new T.A. system, which involves much more paperwork and is not attributable to incompetence on Glen's part. However... we do have a group bowling T.A. coming up next week.

The unit recently purchased a new camera, getting a good deal from our friends at the SPRINGHILL FOTO SHOP, and, due to the fine hustling efforts of FRED BEATON, will undoubtedly pay for itself in a few month's time. A big pat on the back to Fred for efficiently carrying out this time-consuming task.

A couple of months ago the unit made use of the barbecue facilities in the outside yard. Everyone enjoyed the steaks then, so, now, there's another one in the works for later on this month. This time around we're going with barbecued hamburgers and a corn-boil; which goes to illustrate that there are things in here to be taken advantage of in a constructive way. I'm just happy to be in a unit that utilizes what there is to be profited from.

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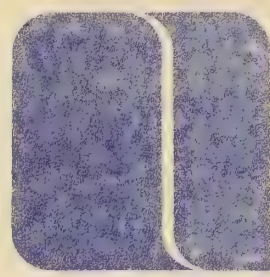
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ELEVENTH

HEAVEN

by BLAIN GOULD

Due To Technical difficulties
beyond my Control, I was unable
To (Typewrite or whatever) an
Unit 11 Report article or report
for 11 unit for this months
issue of the Communicator With
Luck I hope to make up for it
in the following (next) issue.
Blaine Gould



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AS I SEE IT



CANADIAN PRISONS TRAGICALLY OVER-USED, head chaplain says

by KARL POLZER
Kingston Whig-Standard

May 24, 1980

CANADIAN PRISONS ARE "TRAGICALLY OVER-USED" and they make neither moral nor financial sense as punishment for most convicts, REV. DAVID McCORD, head of prison chaplains in the federal penitentiaries, told a group of churchmen yesterday.

Eighty per cent of prison inmates are locked up for crimes that involved no violence and, instead, could have been sentenced to community-based programs such as restitution, in which they work to repay the victim or the community, McCord told the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada.

He asked conference delegates, representing United churches from Brockville to Pickering, to begin informing their congregations that jailing an offender usually creates more social problems than it solves.

In order for the country's criminal justice system to operate, each Canadian family now pays about \$365 a year, of which roughly one-third is spent on prisons and jails, while only one-twentieth is spent on community programs.

"We've got it backwards," McCord said later in an interview. "The cradle of crime is the community and that's where the resources should be going to help prevent the situation from perpetuating itself."

The cost of keeping one man in a federal prison for a year is \$29,000. "How many of you make that much in a year?" McCord asked the delegates. "It (prison) doesn't make financial sense, much less human sense. The Law Reform Commission has said that it should only be used when there is no other alternative and I agree with that."

However, Canada — with roughly 25,000 people now behind bars — has one of the highest rates of incarceration in the Western world.

Despite its staggering cost, the criminal justice system fails in many responsibilities, McCord said, and he suggested the following changes:

- * It should begin considering compensation to the victims of the crimes.
- * Except as a last resort, a person should not be placed in a prison environment, "where he will continue to deteriorate."
- * If possible, the offender should be dealt with in a way that allows him or her to continue to support a family and earn an income.

Instead of offering a helping hand, society often treats a convict's severed family like "lepers," McCord said. "That's a scandal that should weigh on the Christian conscience."

McCord also said that Canadian laws and policing practices discriminate against the poor and racial minorities, while all but ignoring many forms of middle-class, white-collar crime.

"The presence of such a disproportionate number of the poor and native people in our prison is nothing less than a national scandal," said McCord, who is executive director of the Church Council on Justice and Corrections.

He said that the key to changing the justice system is educating the public who generally are fearful, angry and ignorant of the realities of prison life.

"I'm not unrealistic or naive. Nothing is going to happen until the community will learn the costs (of the system)," McCord said.

Restitution and victim-offender reconciliation programs have been launched on a small scale in many Ontario communities, including Kingston, but still are employed in cases involving relatively minor offences.

Concluding his remarks, McCord told his colleagues that spending 10 years as a prison chaplain in Quebec brought him closer to "looking into the eyes of Christ" than any other experience in his life.

NEARLY 178,000 SENT TO CANADIAN JAILS IN 1978

from THE CANADIAN PRESS

OTTAWA — STATISTICS CANADA SAYS THAT 4,826 PERSONS WERE SENT TO FEDERAL PRISONS IN 1978 AND ANOTHER 173,386 WERE ADMITTED TO PROVINCIAL JAILS.

The StatsCan report, issued yesterday, said there were 12,675 persons in provincial and territorial jails as of December 31, 1978, a decrease of 6.8 per cent from the previous year, and 9,309 in federal prisons, a fractional decrease.

Detailed breakdowns were given for the federal system and for prisons in Ontario, Quebec, Alberta and Manitoba.

The report, entitled *Corrections in Canada*, indicated that young males were the largest group of those behind bars.

But on a percentage basis, men received longer sentences than women sent to federal prisons and had a better chance for parole than women.

Of 131 women admitted to federal prisons in 1978, 11 were admitted as a result of convictions and 13 of these carried a mandatory minimum sentence. Most were young and had not been in prison before. Fifty-five of the 434 men imprisoned there for importing.

Six men and two women were sent to federal prisons for possession of a drug, unspecified by Statistics Canada, under the Narcotic Control Act.

Government has been saying since 1972 that it intends to remove cannabis from the Narcotic Control Act and soften penalties. A bill to this effect is expected later this year.

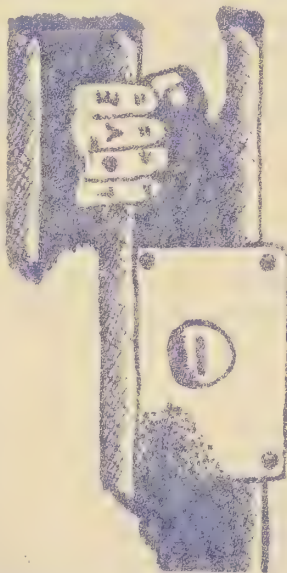
In the Atlantic provinces and Manitoba, Narcotic Control Act arrests accounted for 9.1 per cent of the male and 6.3 per cent of the female admissions.

MORE THAN 16,000 RELEASED

Of 16,350 persons released from prisons in the five provinces in 1978, 13.4 per cent were released after paying fines and about 10 per cent, mostly awaiting trial, were released by the court.

Among those convicted, the most serious offences involved alcohol (29.9 per cent), breaking and entering (9.9 per cent), drugs (7.2 per cent) and assault (5.4 per cent).

In the federal system, robbery accounted for 23.9 per cent of male admissions while the Narcotic Control Act accounted for 29.8 per cent of female admissions.



included for the federal system and for the four Atlantic provinces.

restitutional institution Statistics Canada said that white males form the bulk

is, they served shorter sentences to federal prisons and had a better chance for parole than imprisoned native

federal prisons in 1978, 39 per cent of Narcotic Control Act arrests were for importing, which carries a seven-year sentence. Most were in prison before. Fifty-one per cent on drug charges were

Violations of the Criminal Code accounted for 75 per cent of all admissions while 14.4 per cent were sent back for violating some form of parole and 9.8 per cent were imprisoned under the Narcotic Control Act.

A total of 2,433 persons were imprisoned for property offences including robbery, extortion, break and enter, theft, possession of stolen goods, forgery and false pretences.

MORE THAN 500 GUILTY OF VIOLENCE

Another 565 were incarcerated for offences of violence, including murder, manslaughter, assault, wounding, kidnapping, criminal negligence and motor vehicle offences.

Forty-four men and one woman were admitted for first-degree murder, which carries a minimum 25-year term. One hundred and five men and five women were admitted for second-degree murder, which carries a minimum term behind bars of 10 to 25 years, depending on the judge's sentence.

The report said 31.9 per cent of non-native males get parole while only 15.9 per cent of native males are released this way. Twenty per cent of the 474 Indian, Metis and Eskimos admitted in 1978 were placed behind bars for breaking and entering. Seventeen per cent were sent back for violating conditions of mandatory supervision, a form of release resembling parole.

'Nothing' years breed despair

by Pierre Bourgault
The MONTREAL GAZETTE
August 30th, 1980

Pierre Bourgault is a communications professor at the Université du Québec à Montréal

NOW YOU'RE SITTING IN A RELATIVELY COMFORTABLE ROOM. YOU'RE DRINKING a good coffee while reading The Gazette. You hear the joyous sounds of the family. You'll soon be leaving for your chalet in the country. Just a normal weekend.

Now imagine this: look around you, get up and close the doors and think, for a moment, that you'll never leave this room for the next 25 years.

You're 32 years old; when you come out of this room you'll be 57.

No family. No house in the country. No telephone at your side. No street noise. No normal sex. No money. No friends of any consequence. No car, no Metro, no stores, no cinemas or theatres, no Florallies, no trip to Jamaica. No job (but dozens of bosses). No school, no children, no women. No stove where you prepare a good coffee and no refrigerator refreshing your beer.

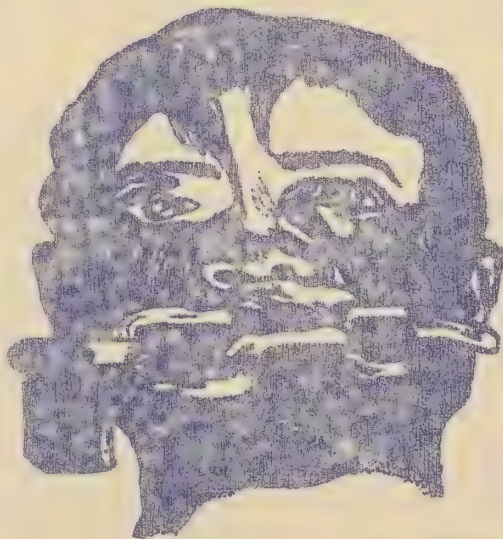
No nothing.

Now take all the furniture out of this room you're in now. Replace it by a small uncomfortable bed, a small table and a toilet bowl without a seat. Take all the lamps out and replace them by a bulb on the ceiling. Put bars on the window. Now displace the walls and reduce the room to an eight by twelve rectangle. Have the door locked from the outside.

Sit on your cot, forget about The Gazette, forget about me and think for one minute: you have 25 years to go.

If you can think hard enough and if you're not completely deprived of imagination, then you may understand what happened this week at the Laval penitentiary. You may understand why a few prisoners tried to break out and took hostages after they had failed.

All of them, but one, are sentenced to life imprisonment. It means that they can't get out before 25 years have passed.



The conditions I described at the beginning of this article are nothing compared with the real conditions they have to live in. They have nothing to lose.

Now they're back in their cells. The hostage incident is over. They didn't win anything. Their conditions will be a little worse for the next few months. And for the next 25 years.

Through violence they may have succeeded in communicating their despair. Did they? Or are we content with the fact that the hoods are behind bars and won't bother us for 25 years? Are we content with the thought that they only got what they deserved?

Are we content with the illusion that we're much better than all of them and that they should be happy that we didn't hang them? Are we content with ourselves that we can feel no compassion?

I'm not trying to excuse them for what they did. I don't accuse a mythical, abstract society for their fate. I don't forget their victims.

I'm not a bleeding heart trying to convince you that we are more guilty than they are and that we should get rid tomorrow of all our tribunals and all our jails.

All I'm saying is there are some people in our society we don't know how to cope with. We don't really know how to cope with the insane, so we intern them. We don't really know how to cope with violent men so we lock them up for 25 years.

I have no ready-made solutions. All I know is that I'm being as violent as any of these men when I treat them the way they're treated. And I hate that thought.

All I know is that the way to find better solutions is to look for them instead of blinding ourselves to this sad reality. All I know is that those men, whatever they did, are still fellow human beings and that we must try to share their despair if we are to survive as a civilization.

All I know is that they've been trying to tell us something and that we should listen.

And maybe what they're telling us is a very simple thing: "Please don't kill me as I killed someone else because if you do you'll be jailed too for the rest of your life; you'll carry your jail with you wherever you go. There will never be any freedom for any of us."



MOON HAS A DARK SIDE

from Prairie Messenger EDITORIALS

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE THOUGHT THAT TECHNOLOGY COULD GIVE US THE MOON.

With the right tools, the latest discoveries and the brightest scientific ideas, we would all be happy, healthy, rich and long-lived, well-balanced and adjusted.

Perhaps nothing better symbolized such optimism than man landing on the moon: the universe was opening up before us.

Yet even space achievements began to manifest those same failings that have plagued human life from time immemorial.

The paths of moon travel were littered with space garbage. The prizes of space were another source of superpower competition. The costs for exploration and discovery skyrocketed. Gadgetry and equipment were jettisoned, along with the dreams of the majority of earthlings — for food, water, shelter and education, health and guarantee of basic rights.

It was not that science failed us, anymore than religion, education or politics has. It's simply the ancient fact of human life: mankind's achievements are as flawed in their purposes, priorities and achievements as their makers.

It is that same moral awareness that leads others today to question and criticize new scientific and technological plans: the creation, and patenting, of life — from viruses to plants to in vitro human beginnings; the harnessing of the atom; the extension of new controls over human dying.

Human beings can and will involve all their powers in the same processes of greed, of manipulation and of murder to which history testifies.

That does not mean our only alternative is to ban science and return to a primitive state of life. It simply means being less naive, more critical, less hypnotized by the wonders of technology and more concerned about the wonders, the priorities and the needs of human life.

DAL PROFESSOR BLASTS HALIFAX JUSTICE

by Ezek Essien
from EBONY EXPRESS

HALIFAX — In a recent publication entitled "Rights and Freedoms — Blind Justice Caught Peeking in Halifax Courts," Professor K. Edward Renner and Alan Warner of the Department of Psychology, Dalhousie University, have severely criticized the legal system as practised in Halifax courts.

The publication based between September 1976 and County and Magistrate Co-criminal case-samples.

It states, "The criminal far from blind," and that established procedures and selectively to the dis-

"The result is a form presents a challenge to ough selective enforcement, selective justice it goes on to say.

SELECTIVE JUSTICE

"The myth of the blind-scales of justice was of race," it states. guilty to summary charges ceive lenient sentences, an absolute discharge. Of category, sixty-one (23 received such a discharge, the black defendants re-

"Although 15 per cent our sample of over 1000 received an absolute or a the document emphasized.

SELECTIVE REPRESENTATION

The research by Professor Renner further states that "the first offenders who go unrepresented are the poor and the uneducated. They are two times more likely to receive a fine or imprisonment and three times less likely to receive a suspended sentence or a conditional discharge than those with a lawyer."

"Legal aid defendants were more frequently convicted at trial. After conviction they received more severe sentences than privately-represented defendants for cases of comparable legal severity," the report pointed out. "The credibility of a legal aid attorney, even to a casual observer, wanes during a morning when he or she asks for leniency at five sentencings before the same judge, while having an obviously limited knowledge of the offender's circumstances in several instances."

On the other hand, "a private attorney with only one case on the docket can make sure the defendant shows up, be fully informed of the circumstances. He can point to the person's extraordinary situation with far greater credibility," the research indicates.

SELECTIVE ENFORCEMENT

"Biases in the types of acts which are forbidden by criminal law and biases in police enforcement are important determinants of who ends up in court. The pattern is clear: criminal law falls heavily on persons who lack resources and do not have important, or secure, social and economic positions," says the report.

It continues on to say, "the courts indirectly reinforce a social screening process through a self-perpetuating cycle. Judges and lawyers will presume (maybe correctly) that an unrepresented defendant who is unemployed, poorly dressed, with little education and a hostile attitude, is more likely to be caught again than a privately-represented defendant with positive social characteristics."



on research, conducted between September 1976 and September 1977 in Halifax courts, involved over 1033

inal justice process is "the courts have well-structures which work advantage of the poor." of social control which rights and freedoms throught, selective representation and selective ignorance,"

folded lady with the most evident in the case "First offenders who plead are most likely to receive either a conditional or the 290 defendants in this per cent) white persons but none (0 per cent) of ceived this sentence." of all the defendants in cases were black, none conditional discharge,"

SELECTIVE IGNORANCE

"At its worst," says Professor Renner, "selective ignorance allows positions of responsibility to be used for personal advantage because there is no audit and, at best, it promotes unfairness and allows criminal justice personnel to be intellectually and professionally lazy."

"Criminal behaviour, unemployment and a poor education are not simply characteristics of an individual. A criminal act is a combination of what the society chooses to define as illegal and what the person chooses to do."

The document concludes its findings with an admonition:

"Social change always challenges vested interests and the legal profession has a vested interest in maintaining justice as a technical, rather than a social, concept."

"The intention of our research," Professor Renner and his associate emphasize, "was to challenge the lack of openness and accountability of the court process. In the case of selective treatment through the criminal justice process, the first steps for corrective action are within the jurisdictional power of the court itself."

This research-document was presented by Professor Renner to the Annual Meeting of Canadian Criminology Association in Halifax, in July 1979. Even so, according to Professor Renner, 'blind justice' can still be caught peeking in Halifax courts especially "if you are poor, unemployed, black, with little education and on legal aid."

Those are the breaks in justice for all!



Visits 'Not All Sex'—

BUT CHANCE TO BE A FAMILY AGAIN

by Jane Taber
CITIZEN staff writer

REGINA — The hardest part about being a guest at the Sugar Shack is checking out.

Checkout time is 1 p.m. and for its guests at the Regina Correction Centre, it means leaving the wife and kids after spending three days with them in complete privacy and returning to prison.

Fred Williamson even early. "I knew I had to figure there was no point laying it."

Williamson, 31, who is once at the Regina centre seven pounds of marijuana, a second application for is quite a waiting list.

For the last 12 years, at Saskatchewan's three had the opportunity—after an initial 21-day waiting families in a private. Theoretically they're all every month.

LONG WAITING LIST

In practice it doesn't a long waiting list or denied a visit and has to apply.

"The only beef I got with it is that it's empty half the time," said Williamson who had to wait six weeks longer than normal because the bungalow was booked up.

Terry Nimetz, Regina centre's senior counsellor, said the policy is that if a person cancels there is a three-day wait before another couple can occupy the unit.

"That prevents a lot of strong-arming," he said. "An inmate could say my wife is leaving me and I got to have it, knowing at that time another guy's wife cancelled, or he could say she's going on holidays and I need it."

While guards and inmates jokingly refer to the bungalows as "Sugar Shacks," families who have used the units say their visits weren't limited to bedroom romps.

"It's not all sex," said Vickie Carter, Williamson's common-law wife. "We're living in two different worlds now and spending the three days with him brought us back together. It's really good for the kids too."

Although inmates are allowed visitors on Sundays, Carter said it's difficult to talk over any problems when there are about 100 other wives and children in the prison's gym.

Carter and Williamson still laugh about their first visit.

"It was kind of shakey," Carter recalls. "Fred was putting things in the refrigerator and just sort of standing there not knowing what to do."

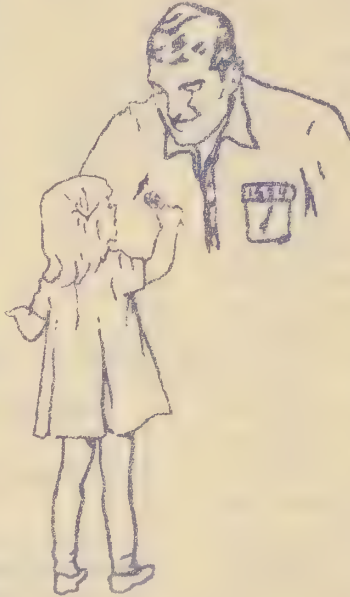
BOTH FEELING NERVOUS

"Here we are finally alone after three months and we're making small talk. I guess we were both nervous about what was going to happen."

The couple described the visit as a holiday—a chance for Fred to play with their two kids, six-year-old Wade and three-year-old Stacey, and a chance for her and Fred to get reacquainted. During the visit children are restricted to playing on swings or watching TV.

The bungalows, or Family Therapy Units, as prison officials refer to them, are about 100 metres away from the main prison building secluded by a grove of trees and tall hedge.

There are no electric eyes, fences or guards around and the only check made during the stay may be a phone call from either a guard or inmate inquiring if more groceries are needed.



checked out a few minutes before 1 p.m. and I just sitting around de-

serving an 18 month sentence after he was caught with wasted no time putting in the visiting unit — there

male and female inmates correctional centres have they've been inside for period—to visit with their two-bedroom bungalow. allowed a three-day visit

work that way because of because an inmate may be wait another month to re-

Arrow Eashappie and his 20-year-old wife, Roberta, were having serious family problems when he was sent to the Regina centre two years ago on fraud charges.

"My family would have broken up if I couldn't have spent some time with them," said the 22-year-old.

For Eashappie the visits were a chance for him to get to know his family. When he was sentenced last November, his youngest daughter, Sherry, was just two months old.

"At times she doesn't even know who I am. So at least I have the chance to be with my kids for awhile."

Both Williamson and Eashappie agree no one tries to abuse the privilege. "I've never seen any bad feelings or heard any complaints from anybody about it," said Williamson.



CONJUGAL VISITS IN PEN

by George Brimmell
Ottawa Bureau TORONTO SUN

OTTAWA — Facilities for conjugal visits will be installed in at least one of Canada's 14 maximum-security penitentiaries before the end of the year — but only inmates serving long terms will benefit.

That stipulation brought widespread protest among prisoners interviewed recently at the Millhaven maximum-security penitentiary. They said enormous tensions will be built up if only married or long-term inmates are allowed the visits.

"It would be a good way to get someone killed," one lifer told a visiting newsman. "In here, either everybody is eligible for something or no one is."

Though the official line stresses "family" in discussing the visiting program, the prospect for sex relations for some inmates and none for others causes concern.

Art Trono, director-general of Ontario's federal prisons, observes: "If you give married men sexual privileges, you're asking for trouble. More than half our population are young unmarried men with no permanent relationships. They need female contact as much as husbands do."

The notion of conjugal, or family visits, has been under study for several years by Canadian penal authorities, but on orders from Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan, a task force is now working out the details to put it into force.

Initially, prisoners in a maximum security pen still to be named will be allowed private two-day visits with members of their families.

Penitentiaries Commissioner Donald

Yeomans says the visits will be carried out in a mobile home or a two-bedroom cottage to be built inside prison walls. If the pilot project works, the conjugal visiting rights would be extended to the other maximum security institutions, where inmates are serving terms of up to 25 years.

It will be aimed, initially, at married prisoners or those who have long-established common-law relationships, and though the conjugal, or sex-relations aspect of the proposition gets the most attention, the objective is to help keep families together — to give inmates access to their wives and children. In Saskatchewan, which has permitted family visits for years, more than half the visits are by inmates' parents.

The decision not to allow conjugal visits for single prisoners is a difficult one. "Let's face it, we're not running a dating service," says a spokesman for the correctional service.

Commissioner Yeomans says conjugal visiting will reduce tension and violence in the penitentiaries and cut down on "predatory homosexuality."

John Braithwaite, deputy commissioner of communications, and a member of the task force, says the visiting privileges will be offered only to prisoners serving long terms — i.e., those not eligible for parole or temporary leave.

"It's not simply conjugal visiting," Braithwaite says. "We want to preserve family ties. If a prisoner has no contact with his wife and children, then the marriage will almost certainly terminate." 20

FILE THIRTEEN

A RAT

by Garf Hingley

THE REASON I AM WRITING THIS ARTICLE is because I have something that I consider important to say concerning the word "rat." Right out front, I'll say that I have no love for a rat, but I am the type of guy who speaks his mind when something is dragging on my head. What bothers me right now is the widespread use of this word by persons who due to ignorance do not realize the seriousness of labelling another in such a manner. Okeh.

The only person who should be called a rat is the one there is absolute proof against. When a person testifies against another in court or puts the hammer down right in front of your eyes, you can then call it the way you see it. In these cases the transcripts from court show proof as to who is a rat and who is not, and, of course, seeing is believing, right! One shouldn't call another guy a rat without proof, or to get revenge for something he may have done to you. And heresay is not proof enough. Sure you can say to yourself, I wouldn't put much trust in this guy, or that guy is probably a potential crown witness, but to say out loud that that fellow there is a rat, no doubt about it-- I can tell by the way he walks-- is a wrong thing to do.

You have all probably heard someone being labelled a rat and you've probably seen this news spread as fast as a grassfire. No doubt you've joined in the fire itself, I know I have. I just want to let you guys know that you are condemning a man to an almost certain death in a great many of the jails in Canada by labelling him a rat. In short, "you are the hangman!"

I guess the message that I want to get across is use common sense and judgement and have proof before you think about calling another a rat, because if an innocent guy gets that label without cause, then, theoretically, that sort of thing can happen to anyone, you and I both. You wouldn't appreciate it, nor would I. So, let's use our heads and keep our jaws quiet unless we know what we are talking about, Okeh? Remember, we are the hangmen in such cases, so let's use our power wisely and justly.



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Centre

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N.S. JAIL PLAN PREMATURE

GLOBE & MAIL July 26th, 1980

MONCTON (CP) — A NEW MINIMUM-security prison will be built in SPRINGHILL, N.S., in about three years, not next year, says Claude Dumaine, regional executive officer of Correctional Services of Canada. Mr. Dumaine said yesterday that reports quoting Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan as confirming plans to start building the Institution next year and finish it in 1982 indicate "the federal Government jumped us on this and didn't coincide with our planning or funds. We have no money for it this year and we have no need for it," Mr. Dumaine said.

THE DANDELION

Starvation breaks the strong
and teaches the brave obedience
to the status quo.

But each one can be heroic
if only in the mind
survive thin daily gruel
that replaces the Bread of Life
their worthy thoughts and plans
not lost but seized upon
by breezes of our time
to seed themselves
in silence and slow growth.

The dandelion indomitable
crosses open fields and turns them
to miles of golden carpet.

Its here long starved emaciated
can laugh at play in the sun
and unashamed embrace
the fragile form of love.

© Jack Brooks
Quebec

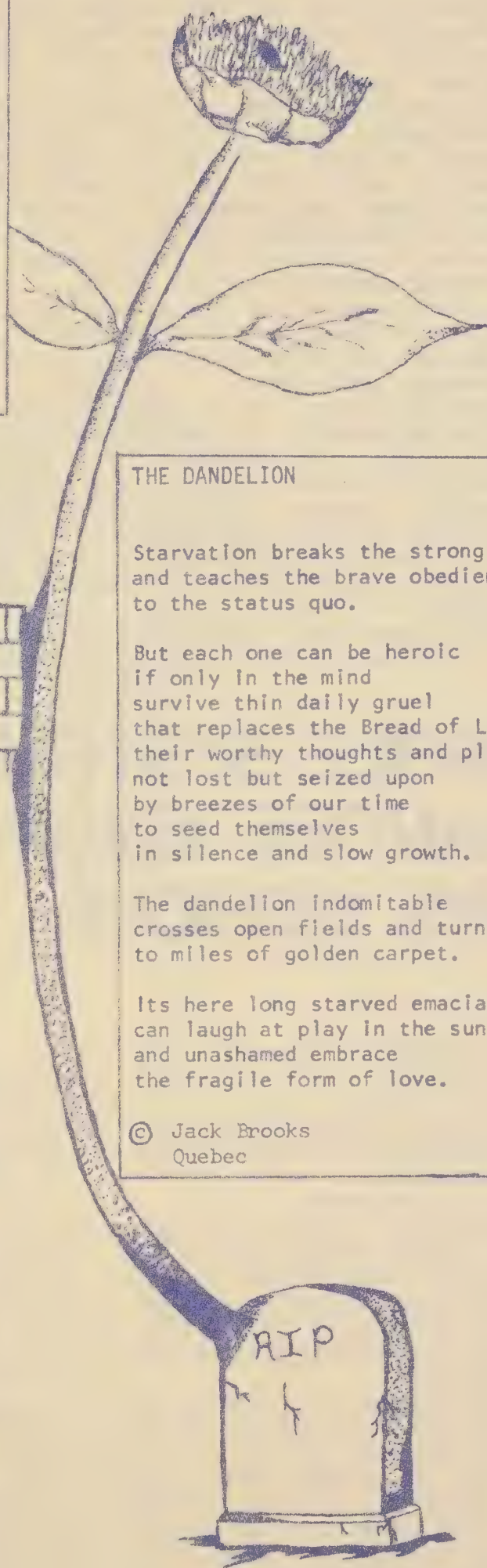
THE RECORD

A uniformed policeman
got him dead to rights today
and dead to wrongs

shot him through the head
while trying to get away.

Let his file and record tell
how he died some time ago
among the ruins of hope.

© Jack Brooks
Quebec



PAROLE CUTS COSTLY: Kaplan

OTTAWA (UPC) — CUTTING BACK ON THE NUMBER OF PAROLE PASSES WOULD COST TAXPAYERS hundreds of millions of dollars and would not eliminate the occasional, sensational crime, Solicitor General Robert Kaplan said yesterday.

"We have 9,000 people in our penitentiaries and we have 6,000 on parole. If we are going to cut back on parole, it's going to mean hundreds of millions of additional dollars."

There already have been two "important" cutbacks to reduce the number of day parole passes issued, Kaplan told the Liberal caucus.

Authority to grant 72-hour parole passes has been passed from the office of the prison warden to the national parole board, he said, adding that the board is "turning down substantially more parole applications."

Kaplan was responding to public criticism of the escort release program after Conrad Brossard, a convicted murderer, rapist and armed robber, escaped from an unarmed guard last Friday.

Brossard is now charged with kidnapping and stabbing a Repentigny, Quebec, man before being recaptured Saturday.

At the same time Brossard was free, two convicted killers escaped from the Dorchester penitentiary.

Despite the escapes, Kaplan said the system generally works well and should not be dramatically overhauled, but he has asked his department to compile a report on the performance of prisoners on parole.

Kaplan said he would consider "tightening up" the number of paroles if the statistics indicate a large number of crimes have been committed while prisoners are away from their cells.

He said he was against sending to prison any person without the option of a parole because, he believes, even the most violent offender can be rehabilitated.

"We have some people who were in for 10 years . . . a lot happens to a person after spending 10 years in an institution," he said.

PAROLE SYSTEM 'TAKES CHANCES' ISSUING PASSES, SAYS OFFICER

MONTREAL GAZETTE
JULY 23rd, 1980

THERE ARE NO PLANS TO OVERHAUL the Canadian parole system despite its shortcomings, a senior parole officer said yesterday.

...Jean Paul Gilbert, a former police officer who is now senior Quebec member on the National Parole Board, said the media tend to give a lot of publicity to "failures"... neglecting the rehabilitations that outnumber them.

"We don't have a direct line to God," he said. "We just try to use our best judgement."

He said the board welcomes recommendations for a better system, although he favors the parole board policies adopted after Canada abolished capital punishment.

Under the current system any inmate—including those who have previously used day leave to escape or to commit other crimes—can eventually receive another pass.

"There is always a chance, with the Canadian system, to go out on parole," Gilbert said.

Parole board statistics for 1977 show less than one per cent of all temporary leaves led to escapes by prisoners.

It costs Canadian taxpayers about \$30,000 per year to keep an inmate in a maximum-security institution.

About 9,000 inmates in Canada are serving sentences longer than two years, about one-third of them in Quebec.

PRISON FOR INMATE OUTCASTS

BEING CONSIDERED

by Gord Lomer
OTTAWA JOURNAL

THE LARGE NUMBER OF FEDERAL PRISON INMATES WHO ASK FOR OR REQUIRE "protective custody" has prison officials considering building or designating one prison exclusively for such inmates.

Protective custody (PCU) is the term used for the practice of segregating some inmates from the general prison population for their own protection. High on the list of candidates for PCU are those low on the totem pole of the inmate population.

They include informers, child molesters, rapists and other sex offenders and former policemen. Also included are inmates who have given Crown evidence in convicting a fellow prisoner. Most are in PCU at their own request or their lawyer's. Some are in by the order of a judge.

RIDICULE AND THREATS

Recent convictions for sex offences in the Ontario Supreme Court in Ottawa warranted such protection being ordered. In the case of a Nigerian, Ephriam Anuku, convicted of rape, PCU was requested by defence counsel Lee Ward because his client was having trouble with other inmates and staff at the Regional Detention Centre even as he was awaiting sentence. Supreme Court Justice Peter Cory ordered Anuku's three-year sentence be served under PCU.

Anuku complained of ridicule and threats against him while in the detention centre. He also complained of his bed and the food. Police and veteran court observers figured Anuku would last about an hour in the general inmate population of a maximum security prison before being severely beaten or killed.

According to Howard Mansfield, acting director of inmate population management of Correctional Services of Canada, "about seven to eight per cent of the inmate population is in protective custody" at any given time. At the end of May there were nearly 800 such inmates in federal penitentiaries. Total inmate population at the time was about 9,000.

All 10 Canadian federal maximum security penitentiaries have provisions for protective custody. Correctional Services is moving toward organizing PCU inmates in larger groups at the expense of moving inmates from one prison to another. "They can get involved in better programs this way," says Mansfield, "and there are better work opportunities."

VISITS DIFFICULT

The move may mean a dislocation for the inmate, and thus make visits by friends and relatives more difficult, but the inmates generally prefer it, says Dr. Jim Vantour, a consultant and adviser to the deputy commissioner of correctional services. "They're more concerned with the 24 hours a day they have to spend in prison than the once a week or once a month visit from someone."

INMATE HIERARCHY

Both Mansfield and Vantour agree the need for protective custody is well founded. "The perceived threat is a real one to an inmate," explains Vantour. In the case of a rapist, Vantour says: "Other inmates are in prison, deprived of their wives and families, who they perceive to be home alone and vulnerable. The wife is alone out there. When a rapist comes into prison, he represents that very fear they harbor. That's why he needs protective custody."

If the government goes along with the plan to establish one prison as a PCU penitentiary, the word will soon get out that anyone who has served at that prison is a sex offender or an informer or whatever. The inmate population develops a hierarchy, which gives credence to the expression about "honor among thieves."

Establishment of a protective custody prison may be a long way down the road, however. Every time a new minister of justice takes over, there follows a review of long-range policy, according to some correctional officials. 1

STATE PRISON TERMED CRUEL

(The New York Times, May 25, 1980)

TACOMA, Wash., May 24 (UPI) — A Federal district judge has ruled that confinement at the Washington state penitentiary at Walla Walla amounts to "cruel and inhumane" treatment and "pure torture," in violation of the Federal and State constitutions.

Judge Jack Tanner did not order the 90-year-old prison closed in his ruling yesterday, but he ordered the state to take immediate steps to correct deficiencies there and said he would appoint a special master to supervise improvements.

He also ordered an end to the use of so-called boxcar cells for solitary confinement. "Use of these facilities is not only cruel and inhumane but amounts to pure torture," he said.

Judge Tanner was also critical of the state's prison administration, saying that the Social and Health Services Secretary, Gerald Thompson, had little experience in operating a maximum-security prison. Mr. Thompson said that the state would take steps to comply with what had to be done immediately, but would eventually appeal the Tanner ruling.



Three Captives

Newspapers show the prisoner displayed fullface his name replaced by a number. Beside him unflinching guard held hostage until they tossed in tear-gas.

There should be three men in the picture but you will see only two the prisoner and the guard stern man who earns his pay by daily work I do not want to do. That's why one man is missing. The third man is me.

We are three captives caught by old customs locked behind an iron inertia enduring hired centurions to watch by endless crosses.

by J.R. Brooks

THINKING OF YOU

I don't bear a grudge
Against you Dearest Judge
For sending me off to the Pen

But I thought I should answer
Cause I heard you've got cancer
And we probably won't meet again

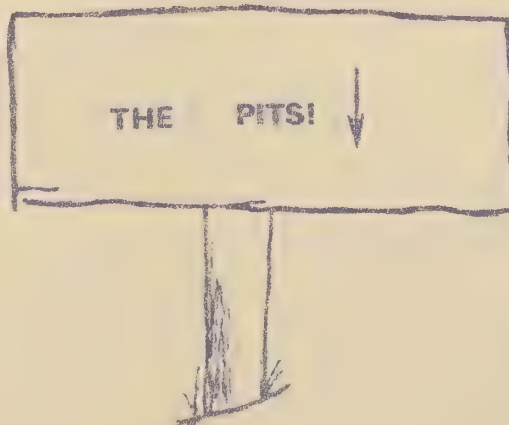
Now the love of your life
Never got to your wife
You couldn't keep it hard if she tried

It took hip swishing fags
To take up the drag
Of how you did me at the trial

Now I know that you're dying
And don't think I'm lying
When you're only a step from a hearse

But before you go
I want you to know
I HOPE THE DAMN THING ROTS OFF FIRST!!!

Author unknown



DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY

The Case of Canada

by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

A Review
by Bob Eby

M.E. Sharpe, Inc.,
901 N. Broadway,
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
10603

Reading Edgar Z. Friedenberg's DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY was like driving his Mercedes Benz for the first time . . . I knew, both times, that I had a creation of craftsmanship in my hands and I knew, both times, that it had been extended to me in order that I might benefit from the exposure. The Mercedes Benz experience reminded me of what I had turned my back on when I decided to give up being a bandit, and DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY exemplified with clarifying precision and metal-hard facts the lack of freedom most of us have lived with all our lives.

Doctor Friedenberg's THE VANISHING ADOLESCENT, R.D. LAING, and THE DISPOSAL OF LIBERTY AND OTHER INDUSTRIAL WASTES, each in its own way, has been a milestone in scholastic achievement, but another thing they had in common was that every line sung with the acerbic wit of this highly respected scholar. DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY, though, does not read as intensely as the three works already mentioned, probably because the author knows that Canadians will always hold onto the myth that Bad Government Is Better Than No Government, and because it is difficult to debate an issue when most of the people around you don't perceive that any such problem exists. It is also likely that Doctor Friedenberg chose to approach this topic low-key when compared with THE DISPOSAL OF LIBERTY AND OTHER INDUSTRIAL WASTES -- the work which drew the ire of many by putting forth the theory that one of the more profound features of Canadian and American society is the degree of ressentiment which exists at all levels of our societies (ressentiment being the philosophy that others are getting more than they deserve, that social items like welfare, medicare, and other forms of socialized societal benefits are resented by the people afflicted with ressentiment) -- because of the implicit contradiction which would exist were he to set himself up as another authority we should defer to. Instead, he presents his facts both coolly and forthrightly but not in the same uncompromising way THE DISPOSAL OF LIBERTY... was written. He leaves it to his reader to appreciate the urgency his conclusions should lead to.

The kinds of facts he tenders in his circumstantial case against Canadians who defer to authority, without ever challenging it, come at a good time: a time when 7 out of 10 premiers in the country have opposed the Prime Minister's attempts to establish an effective Bill of Rights meant to protect Canadians at least as much as the American Constitution protects Americans. They come at a time when the MacDonald Commission is blocking, by its legally sanctioned existence, the laying of criminal charges against R.C.M.P. who have for years been breaking the laws of the land by censoring citizens' mail, breaking into homes and offices without due legal cause, bugging telephones without proper court authority, burning barns, forging documents to discredit those whose politics they disagree with, and a host of other activities which would have put the ordinary citizen behind bars.

Friedenberg, himself an expatriate American, a man of conscience who left the United States in protest of the war in Viet Nam, points out that the existence of the American Constitution doesn't protect Americans as fully as they might think, but that at least Americans believe they have certain rights which are inviolate, which makes for a greater sense of openness south of the border; whereas Canadians don't have any rights protected by anyone other than the people empowered to make up laws as they see fit -- namely, Parliament. And it is probably because of this that Canadian minorities have little chance of having any real influence on the dominant culture . . . any group or set of activities which are perceived as threatening to the status quo in Canada are simply legislated against. What gets suppressed in Canada is "spontaneity rather than opposition--anything out of

control," and the most one can expect to win here is cooptation: acceptance by the very club you are criticizing. Anyone who lived through any of the sixties should know that one by now . . . isn't everyone who got turned on in '66/'67 either living in the Northwest Territories on what's left of a commune or employed as a less-than-civil servant?

He talks about growing up in Canada as being a process of acceptance rather than maturing -- it means to come back for more of the same, next year, assuming the position, preparing oneself for a lifetime of "tolerating" cleavages rather than recognizing them as the attractive variances they can be.

Reading DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY draws one's attention to how dull folks can be -- who would expect intelligent people to stand still for a law which forbids a person who has at one time or another been in power in the Government to discuss how he used that power? Almost as though the shock of knowing how the country is really run would be too great for us to bear. People like Francis Fox can commit overt acts of fraud and forgery, demonstrating at the very least poor judgement, but on the other hand are fully protected from ever having to discuss what other acts they committed while in the so-called public service. Friedenberg suggests, "The practical message, and quite possibly the one the government means to convey, is: 'The Government of Canada is the law; and don't think that because the law protects you, it also protects you from us.' If you think you were taught that in school, you surely must have forgotten what school was really like." He goes on to suggest, "Few Canadians seem to share the perception that has become an American commonplace: that government is essentially a political apparatus which interested parties struggle to gain control of in order to better gain their own ends; this struggle is the political process." "Authority is" to Friedenberg, "in every sense, inherently questionable, and that protection which denies respect is no protection at all."

One of the images Doctor Friedenberg uses to illustrate his point is, "The more trivial a restriction is, the better evidence it is that the people subject to it have no basic rights. If you can't buy a bottle of beer when you want it in a place where beer, as such, is not only legal but the basic lubricant of working class culture, what can you do?"

Every Canadian should read DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY because, even if you aren't among the 1 in 25 Canadians who have served a prison sentence; or among those who have been persecuted by the R.C.M.P. for political leanings the men in red couldn't agree with, by having your barn burnt to the ground because the Mounties didn't consider your farm site a good location to bug your political rally from; or had your mail tampered with as though you were already serving time; or had bombs planted up against your home because the same police force wanted to create the impression that insurrectionists were running wild in Montreal and the incumbent government was in need of "an apprehended insurrection" to polarize the Canadian public while the police forces did their dirty work, stamping out the political opposition; or been jailed for refusing to give evidence against yourself in a country where the government doesn't have to explain its behaviour to anyone; or been tried and convicted in absentia on charges of disclosing a government document, even though the same information had already been given to the media at an earlier date, no structures actually exist to guarantee that you won't be victimized by any of these misfortunes at the hands of the police or other government agencies. DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY should at least forewarn you against the day when it happens, and while it's only the Canadian next door who is finding out how tenuous freedom in this country really is. 2

Springhill Foto Shoppe

supports the

Canadian Association
for the Mentally Retarded
57 Main Street,
Springhill, Nova Scotia B0M 1X0

COMMITTEE NOTES:

by Fred Beaton
Committee Chairman

HERE AGAIN! It's time to let you all know what's happened and what is going to happen with a little luck.

First off, your WASHERS AND DRYERS should all be in place and working by now, and if not ask your Unit Committee Rep why. Try and take care of them guys; they're ours, not the joint's. We paid for them ourselves.

Secondly, the V&C YARD is now open, after a lot of problems. We are trying to do something about the fence that's out there as its caused a lot of complaints over the past two or three weeks. We'll keep you posted of any changes.

Also, we are having a COFFEE MACHINE put into the V&C area which will cost 25 cents per cup.

And, keep your ears open for your CHRISTMAS FAMILY DAY; it's coming pretty soon and we're working on it now. The approximate date is December 10th week.

On October the 4th there will be a BOXING CARD coming into the institution. There will be some really good boxing, so look forward to it.

There's been some problems with the TAPE SALE, but it will happen soon. We can't really give a date yet.

I will be going up to the FARM CAMP within a month, so JIM Mac DONALD will be your Chairman when I leave.

This will probably be my LAST COMMITTEE NOTES article; it's really been good trying to work for the guys' needs here, it was a pain a lot of the time, but that's how it goes. If I failed in any way for someone, sorry, but you should be saying something about it. In other words, you cannot please everyone. So, if you're ever planning on going onto the Inmate Committee, be prepared. I think I've said enough. Take it easy guys.



MARCOLIANI'S

AMHERST, N. S.

**MEN'S, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
FURNISHINGS AND FOOTWEAR,
ALSO HOME FURNISHINGS**

Supports the COMMUNICATOR



by Greg Scott

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 4TH brought the ANNUAL PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION EXHIBIT to the Springhill auditorium. Paintings, drawings, sculptures, ceramics, leather work and even string art was arranged on portable panels, transforming that space into a small art gallery. Unfortunately, we only had a couple of hours in the evening to look it over, as the staff spent their afternoon viewing the display. At any rate, a good crowd was on hand for a while, and rumour has it that some 26 bids were made on different articles for sale.

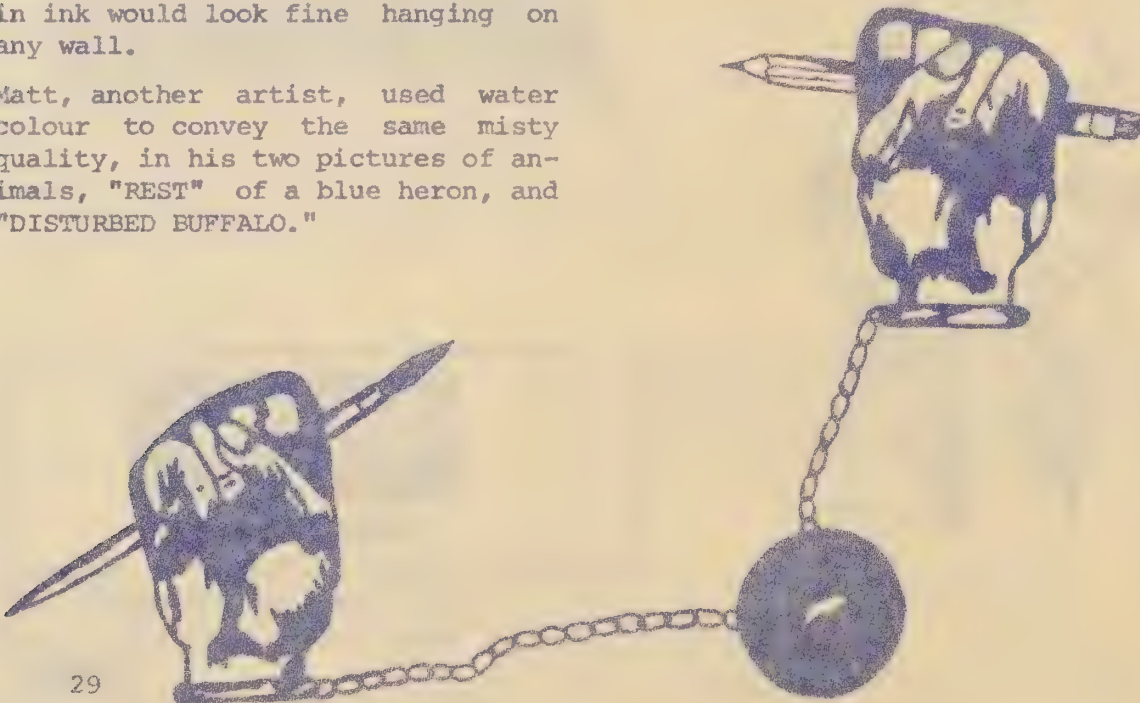
It seemed to me that the best work was not that done in oils, or pastels, but the pictures done with pen and ink, with pencil, and with watercolour. Several artists seemed to have had some of the same ideas, even though they were locked up thousands of miles apart. The pencil drawings of Kip Kully, in "BUCK TEETH," "ALICIA," "TWIN DESTINY" and in "SCRIM CURTAIN" showed incredible depth, looking misty, like old photos, or something out of a dream. "THE FIGHTER," by the same artist, this time a silhouette in ink would look fine hanging on any wall.

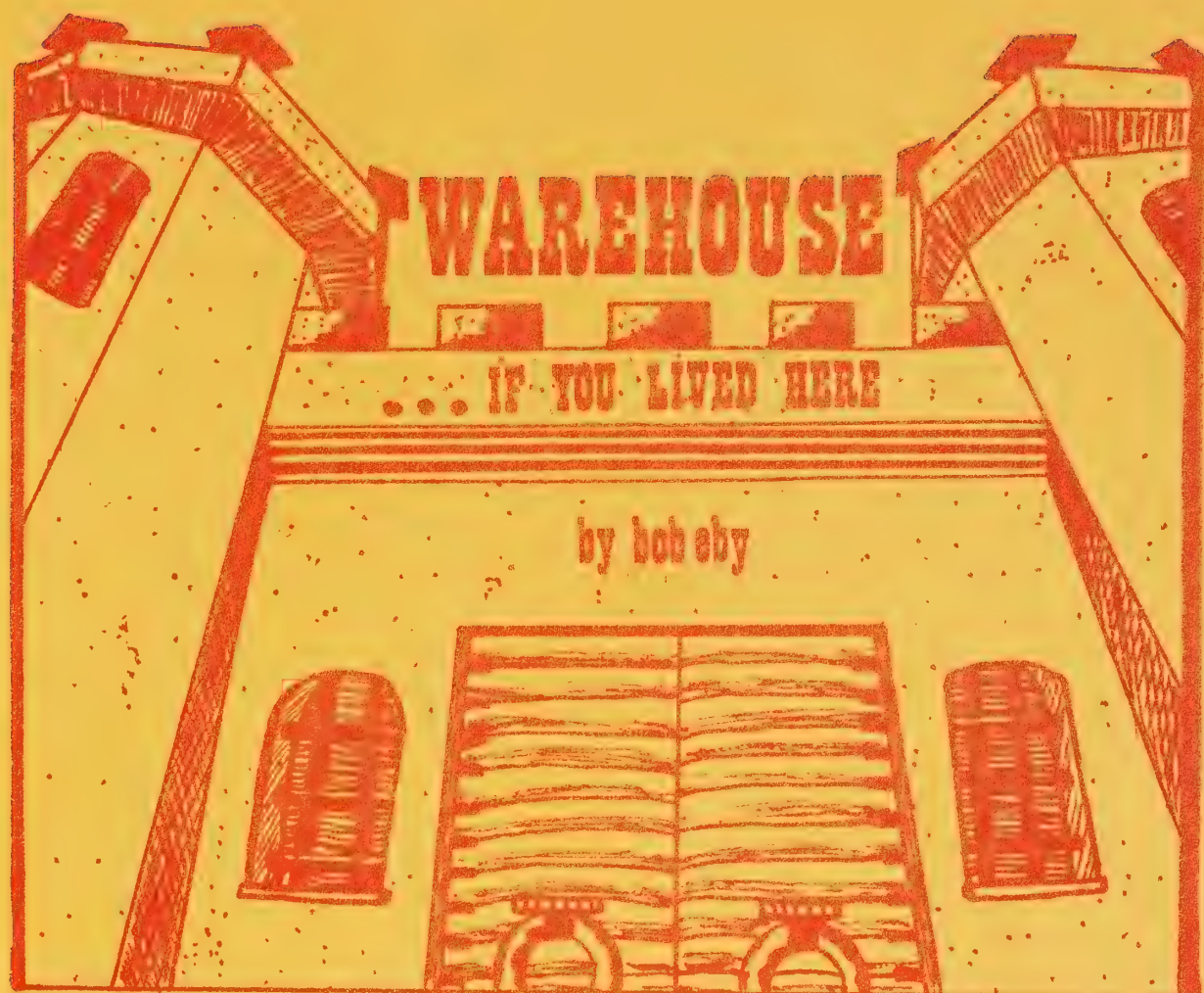
Matt, another artist, used water colour to convey the same misty quality, in his two pictures of animals, "REST" of a blue heron, and "DISTURBED BUFFALO."

Local artisans were shown what glass stain (actually glass painting) is all about. Robert Littlejohn's "RUFFED GROUSE" seemed ready to take flight at any moment. Needlepoint and petit point, two crafts not done locally, were represented by Millhaven's Sam Rideout in his "PERSIAN GARDEN." A lot of patience goes into that detailed work.

There were not a lot of wood or leather carvings this year. The best woodwork for me was a panel of west coast Indian relief, "EAGLE CHINOOK" by H. Yellowfly, and the leather craftsmen were best represented by Bernie Guindon's cougar, "PREDATOR."

It would be nice to see these things more often, at least a couple of times a year, and for a longer period when they are here, as it's a bit of a culture shock to be suddenly surrounded by these nice things. Guys here should be spurred on by these exhibits, and looking at the prices some guys are expecting, maybe considering some of these crafts as a full time occupation.





WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each Issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

Recreation and Luck

WALKING INTO THE GYM AT ANITOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME WAS A TRIP I'LL never forget . . . At that time we used to get out of our cells for what they called recreation two hours every second night, which meant that except for working in the shops and recreation, we were locked in our cages eighteen hours one day and sixteen the next. Getting out to the gym for most of the younger guys was like letting the lions loose on the Christians, only there were too few Christians to go around.

I passed through the Main Dome, a habit which gets to you after a while—it would be nice to be able to cut through a new neighborhood once in a while, hop a few fences, duke through a junk yard, across some back lawns, around a dog or two, down a new alley at the end of which some old geezer takes to shouting at you about being a young punk or something else he wishes he could be; but that's not what doing prison time is about, is it?—and walked into the gym where there were upwards of two hundred guys moving about. They only let out one quarter of the population at a time, figuring that if we decided to riot they'd have an easier time putting us down. They were right about that because the gun cage in the corner of the room had a clear view of every nook and cranny in front of it, places a .38 calibre slug or shot-gun pellets could easily penetrate, ripping apart whomever or whatever was in the way. Waist-high gouges in the brick walls attested to the fact that the next time wouldn't be the first.

Walking in pairs and threes, guys were pacing up and down the gym floor. There seemed to be lines strung all across the floor, paths they followed, stuck to, like geese beating their way across the gray of a roiling late-fall Ontario sky; and, although unseen by even them, no-one would cross in front of or walk the same route without expecting a confrontation. These

were guys walking hard-time and you did not ~~do~~ with that. This was a maximum-security penitentiary and the year was 1962 when rehabilitation, paroles, temporary leaves of absence and all the new-school niceties were only rhetoric, things college-types blabbed about. The rule was you did what you had to do to get through your time. Anyone who hassled with that came looking for trouble. Twenty stabbings that first year attested to the fact that things weren't as controlled as they looked. Walking hard-time was not recreation: it was a life-support system, one which kept the lid on while it was in place.

Walking around the room by myself, being left alone by guys who knew me because they knew from their own experience that I needed some time to myself, I saw dozens of men and boys sitting amid the crowd by themselves. It was obvious they were uncomfortable, obvious they were being ignored, played the ass to. There was one guy sitting off in a corner by himself who sat with his arms and legs crossed. He had a spiral cone-like shape of paper towel about a foot long sticking out of one ear. He wasn't doing anything, just sitting, looking around, not talking to anyone. I watched him for about fifteen minutes and he never once spoke to anyone or was as much as looked at.

And, over in a far corner, where everybody could see who wanted to, there lounged two guys—one was middle-aged, a whacked-out looking kind of guy. His nose had been busted a number of times and lay, mashed flat on his face. The scar tissue around his eyes set them inches back in his head, giving him a look which bespoke years and years of degradation, hopelessness. It seemed as though he were looking up out of a deep deep place, his eyes shining wet, washing back the heat of the pit. Both his arms had slash marks from wrist to shoulder, all self-inflicted. Tattoos, one on each arm, reminded you that he was "Born to Lose" and, another, "Mother," as though he had ever really had one.

The youngster lying on the steps alongside him wasn't more than twenty. He had unfashionably long hair and a clean, scrubbed look about him. His slender body was wrapped in tailor-made prison garb; the form fitting shirt emphasizing his youth, sleek and smooth, the only folds being in the shirt. His pants were cut tight and hung low on his hips, showing off the narrowness of his ass. There was a forced leisureness about him . . . he was working out.

They lay on the edge of the steps, the older one fidgetting with the boy's shirt front. The youth pretended indifference, his eyes darting from face to face of those pacing back and forth down on the main floor. Guys would call out to the older man, "Hey, Spike!" and make some remark about his "old lady" and "getting it on" and "sharing some of that sweet-assed pussy, Man." He would glance up from what he was doing, nod, and go back to the shirt front. The expression on the youth's face never changed. Pink Floyd would have said, "Is there anybody in there?"

I roamed through the room, "Hi"-ing this guy and "What's happening?" another. Guys would step into me and ask, "Heard about your bust, Jess . . . a drag" and "Hey, Man, need anythin'? Ya need anythin', ya just sing out, Man." Everyone who spoke to me tendered a short greeting, offering to give me what they had. And, each, after making his hellos and offer, moved on, giving me the space I needed. There were at least sixty guys in the gym that night who I knew from the streets of Toronto and the training school and foster homes I'd been in. It seemed as though our graduation from foster homes, to training schools, to reformatories, to penitentiary turned out no failures . . . we had all made it. Which just goes to show you that working-class youngsters are more easily schooled than those in the so-called better schools. I wonder about that sometime.

Anyway, needing to take a leak, I made my way through the pockets of guys in the gym to the combination toilet and shower room off the hall leading into the gym from the Main Dome. Along with the two television rooms off the gym, it was one of the places in that part of the prison compound where there was no continuous surveillance. Security staff circulated in and out of the area but were not posted fulltime, which meant that when someone wanted to get it on without having the bulls looking on, they would get themselves a point-man, a six-man, to watch out for the circling screws, flies around the pot. Being new in the joint, before my senses had had time to tune their antennae to the feel of the air, to the meaning of silences in the group, I walked into the doorway of the bathroom where a guy leaned up against the doorjamb, his arms crossed, legs spread apart, a casual alertness in the way his eyes swept over and past me. I knew I had been catalogued—the street had taught me that much—but what I wasn't aware of was that it would have been better to have turned around and gone looking for an empty pocket to take my leak in.

As I stepped up to the sink by the doorway, he straightened up and

put it in the middle of my chest, saying, "Hey, Man, you don't wanna go in there." Being the kind of greenhorn who doesn't like to be told what to do, I shifted my weight to my right foot, about to snap it back to my left, from where I would rebound, bringing up my left fist in a hook practiced to take heads off, when I was stopped by the "THWACK" of something hard coming down on something less so. I glanced past the dude in the doorway just in time to see the guy who was already laid out on the floor take a second blow to the side of his head. The man standing over him had a piece of iron pipe in his fist and there was blood on both his pant-legs. Two guys held onto the guy-on-the-floor's arms. The guy with the pipe straddling him seemed intent on bashing all of the blood out of his victim's head. My stomach heaved to the sound of another brain-splattering blow.

"SIX! The bulls" I yelled, not seeing any but not knowing what else to do.

The two guys holding the fallen victim's arms dropped him. The guy weilding the pipe tossed it into a corner of the bathroom, the adhesive tape binding, placed to resist finger-printing, covered in blood. The three of them glided past the six-man and I, leaving us standing in the doorway. He said, "You've got troubles, Buddy" and walked away.

A security bull came strolling down the hall from the Main Dome, just as the four guys strode out into the gym, with me close behind. I said, "Keep walking, Man" to the six-man, who glanced back over his shoulder at me, clocking the bull coming down the hall towards the shower room door.

Before breaking off from the others, he said, "Hey, Man, you're alright. I almost had you wrong . . . see ya later."

I lost myself in the crowd in the gym, forgetting about the fallen man in the bathroom, thankful I had been blessed with a piece of good luck during recreation, never so glad to see a cop.

by Leon Baker
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HANG FIRE

TWO FIGURES ROLLED OVER SLOWLY, BRANDON PLACED ONE LEG FROM THE BED to the floor and his other leg soon followed. Brandon, a good looking, young man ran his small hands through the dark mess of hair which covered his head, and touched his opulent sideburns. Sitting on the edge of the big, soft bed, he glanced back at Cindy, the woman who had been most faithful to him during his struggle for freedom. He thought to himself; how beautiful she is, how contentedly she lay next to him in sleep. The many long drives to visit him, the long wait after she got there, and the room filled with seedy characters were finally over. Just then she spoke his name and with all the femaleness she possessed, pulled his arm to get him back into his proper place next to her body.

He might easily have resisted her charms before his prison experience; but not now, five nights of love-making could not compensate for the many long, miserable nights prison had so cruelly inflicted upon him. His fleshy, burning tongue started to run across Cindy's body... the ecstasy... she wished she could capture permanently, as she had wished each of the five previous nights; but, unlike the other nights, with the wings of a butterfly, her thoughts floated back to the first encounter with Brandon. Shirley, Cindy's best friend, read an article in a magazine written by Brandon and suggested she correspond with him.

Her introduction letter was composed in a nonchalant manner, praising his work; but his reply spoke of love, hate and of the loneliness which motivated him to write an article on love. It was the bitterness she always feared would win; yet, she was drawn to his philosophy on love and his ability to survive loneliness. Most of all she felt she had the power to make him forget the bitterness of his prison experience. Their letters grew. She told him about her fears of rejection, of being an independent woman living in a male chauvinist society, and in time, they grew into what is commonly referred to as love.

An outburst of sunshine was coming through the bedroom window. Brandon moved slowly at first, then hurried from the room, grabbing his shirt and levis. Cindy regretted not having pulled the shades the night before, at least then the sun would not have been the signal for him to leave her arms. She heard the bathroom door open and then the front door shut. It registered in her mind that he had her car keys and no driver's license.

"Varoom" she heard the big, powerful engine come roaring to life. She ran to the living room window but only in time to see her Mercedes turn out of the driveway.

Rumbling down Bonstelle Street, leaving Southfield's well-built colonial homes where Cindy resided behind, the green Mercedes made its stop for a

traffic light. Thoughts of Cindy filled his head. He knew her reaching out to him had a lot to do with her understanding of loneliness. Only through her efforts, time, and money for the best attorneys and private investigators, did the courts finally understand he was innocent, innocent of the crass injustice levied upon him. The light changed and the Mercedes was the first to rear up and leap across the intersection.

Meanwhile, Cindy paced back and forth across the living room floor like a born-free, recently-captured, caged animal.

"Ring, ring, ring," anxiously, she ran to the phone. "Hello, hello," she said with an abundance of hope in her voice that the person calling was Brandon.

"Hi, how's everything with you and Brandon?" Shirley cheerfully asked.

"Oh, just great," Cindy lied, her voice dropping to a low pitch in disappointment because it was not Brandon. Thinking it best to deceive her friend, she said, "Shirley dear, may I return your call?"

"Sure, I understand, but the telephone is down and will under the covers, huh, Kid?" With that they both had a short laugh and hung up.

The new Mercedes swerved in toward the curb. Brandon got out, ran up the sidewalk and rang the doorbell of a sprawling, brick, ranch-style home.

"May I help you?" the attractive, blue-eyed woman who answered the door asked with a puzzled look.

Just then an inquiry from further within the house was called out, "Sweetheart, who's there?"

"A Mr. Marshall."

"Marshall," Brandon said.

"A Mr. Marshall," she shouted in the direction of the inquisitive voice.

A short, balding man, the same height as Brandon but thicker and flabbier soon stood at her side. "How are you, Brad, my boy? Do come in" and without waiting for a reply, added, "I'm Mel Costanzo and this beautiful and charming lady is my wife, Daisy." He had a thin, hard mouth that looked as if it had been sliced into his face. "Honey, this is THE Mr. Marshall I have been expecting."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Marshall," she said with a warm smile.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Costanzo, the pleasure is mine," Brandon replied, really meaning it.

"Shall we go down?" asked Mel, pointing to the basement door.

With an appreciative look on his face, Brandon nodded.

When they got to the room in the basement, sitting on an exquisitely carved Florentine desk was a vase of freshly-cut flowers and a black, one-foot long tube. The room was a combination den and sound-proofed target-shooting range.

"Did you get the three thousand okeh?" Brandon inquired.

"Yeh, sure, no problem" Mel answered.

Brandon had saved all the money he had earned while in prison to buy the contents of the black tube, most of which came from the short stories he wrote and sold, plus some odds and ends from people he knew. "I mailed it two days ago but was afraid it might not have arrived yet," he explained.

"No problem. Shall we get on with the business at hand?" Mel said.

Brandon picked up the tube, took out its insides and after laying out all the pieces, assembled the rifle. Mel handed him a silencer. Brandon toyed with the telescope, then fired twice at the man-like target standing in the midst of the basement shooting-range. The first shot missed, which was to be expected since he was unfamiliar with the weapon and wasn't sure which direction the gun would kick, but the second shot hit its mark dead center. With the hands of a gifted craftsman, he removed the telescope and silencer and placed everything back into the tube. He made his farewell to Daisy as Mel walked him to the door.

"Tell me, my friend, what is Tyrone into these days?" asked Mel.

Tyrone was the prisoner who put Brandon in touch with Mel.

"Tyrone? Oh, nothing of much interest. He should be getting out next month."

"And you, my good boy, shall return?"

Brandon's friend, Mel, spoke with a coldness that was as cold as a hanging judge's when he was displeased. He knew Mel was referring to the purchase of the rifle. Brandon's face turned hard and cold, and Mel knew he had pried too deep. The two men said nothing more. Brandon walked away and Mel slowly closed the door.

Walking away from the room, Mel's face, he decided to send Cindy a telegram, which reached her shortly after.

It said, "Dearest Cindy. I must return to you, my love. To return your love, devotion, and happiness in this world that is far greater than you can imagine. Brandon."

In a blind rage, she crushed the telegram in her hands and started to cry. Her grief came not so much because he had left but rather because she had put so much faith in his staying. She was about to down her fifth shot of vodka but hesitated at the mere thought of another burning sensation in her throat. She hated vodka, not only because of its taste, but because it was inexpensive as well; everything she owned was of the highest quality and a reflection of her superb taste. Today, she felt cheap. She had walked to the nearest liquor store and purchased it as punishment for having such bad taste in men. The burning from the vodka was nothing compared to the burning in her heart. ~~After a moment of silence, she~~ and disoriented, she stumbled across the living room for another refill.

The Mercedes leapt out into the right lane, then immediately into the middle one, white exhaust spewing from its chrome tailpipes as he violently wheeled the car into the far left lane. 55, 60, 70 the speedometer climbing past the 55 MPH speed limit, he made his way down I-94, darting in and out of traffic like a good running-back might do while running down a football field. He was well on his way and within four hours should reach his destination and carry out his plan.

He parked Cindy's car on Riverbank Road. He had finally arrived and was ready to assassinate Judge Presby, the man who had stolen six years from his life. Struggling up a wet, slippery hillside, and upon reaching a clearing, he could see the patio of Judge Presby's home. He assembled the rifle and lastly adjusted the telescope.

He waited nearly two hours before noticing movement around the patio door. A nurse emerged leading an old, wrinkled-face man, and sat him down in a lounge chair. Brandon took aim. The cross hairs of the telescope were dead center on Judge Presby's forehead. With such a magnified view of the subject, he could see the full impact six years had had on the judge. It was impossible to ignore the deterioration a crippling nervous disorder and senility had wrought in the man.

Brandon began squeezing the trigger. Within that very action were contained six years of hate, waiting, wanting and planning to kill the man who now sat so helpless in his telescopic sight. The rifle kicked and the bullet knocked the judge's hat off. He sat in shock as it went on to shatter the glass of his patio door. Brandon had deliberately aimed for the hat. Dropping the rifle, he decided not to cheat himself out of the old man's misery -- let him suffer at the hands of fate, let him die a slow, painful death with his sickness rather than from the swiftness of a bullet. The last he saw was the nurse running frantically into the house.

He arrived at Cindy's around midnight. Coming through the door, she caught him with a tirade of expletives, "Get out, get out, damn you."

Brandon showed no reaction to her demands.

"Smack" she slapped him across the face, it was loud and painful. Out of retaliation he almost slapped her but restrained himself, reasoning, let her release her anger as he had released the burning from his own soul.

"Get out," she shouted again. Her nostrils flared in anger and her body trembled as she shouted, "You're probably involved with another woman! You creep! You fucker! Go back to your floozy, I never want to see you again!"

"If it's not too late, let's start over Cindy. I promise never to leave you again... there is no other woman... you must believe that."

"If there's no woman, where in hell have you been? And why the telegram?"

"Cindy, no matter how it may appear, I'm not having an affair. Trust me, please?"

"Trust you! Goddamn it, I'm entitled to know where you've been" she exploded.

"Sure you are, but, please, Honey, trust me." The words hung in the air. Brandon reached for her, to put his arm around her shoulder. Her body stiffened as she moved away. She stood with her eyes fixed on him and exhaled a long breath. She knew she was more angry over knowing she was about to forgive him than over his ~~admission~~. ~~She had never known him to lie~~ to her. Giving him the same look she had given him on the day they first met in Jackson Prison visiting room, she smiled. She believed in him then, and strangely enough, she believed in him now.

"Hey, what are we standing here for? Let's go rustle up something for this awful headache." With one hand laid across her forehead and an arm locked in his, she pulled him close. "I will forgive you only if you promise to drink a fifth of vodka... the stuff is murder!" she said, laughing. They kissed and started toward the kitchen. As they crossed the bedroom doorway, she thought, this time I'll pull down the shades.

Visions

I possessed visions at ten;
Oh, what a lawyer I could have been.

I'm surrounded by
degenerates/
riff-raffs/
scums and bums.

All yelling/screaming
and having fun,
scrambling, rambling all the time;
what a damn sorry way to do some time.

I write/scrawl,
compose/sketch and squirm,
jack-off and count semen in my sperm.

1. Baby, 2. Baby, 3. Baby, 4.
there's one with bunions on his toes.

5. Baby, 6. Baby, 7. Baby 8.
one of those will be born late.

9. Baby, 10. What price visions
and what an END ?



Cap'n & Me

I's reckon Cap'n Failet,
I's a-have a gen-yew-ine need
to use the toilet
so, please don't make me plead,
'cause
I's a-just a po' old convict sah,
figgering I ain't done no wrong.
Lordy be, won't go that far,
'cause I's gotta go home;
and
show Cap'n, I's in I-own-you*
& by God, U's bigger/
but must you spit on me ?
or must you call me nigger ?

* Ionia is a small city in Michigan
where Riverside prison is located.
There are no toilets in the cells
and a prisoner must ask the guards
to let them out to use one.

There are no trees inside the prison

There are no trees inside the prison,
although number 31370, the Chaplain's clerk,
keeps two turtles, a red ear and
a snapper, inside a plastic aquarium
equipped with a plastic palm.

There are no trees inside the prison
where 1300 men stroll yards of stone
hard as the white plastered wall
where NO HAND BALL PLAYING
is printed in black block letters.

There are no trees inside the prison,
although the Chaplain's inmate clerk
tries to make seeds sprout in a pot
above the clanging radiator in a window
where light sifts through the bars.

There are no trees inside the prison
because their branches would be shaped
into weapons,
because their leaves might hide
a fugitive,
because their tops might overshadow
gun towers,
because trees, like men,
need deep roots to grow.



From an inmate rule book



Know your number
and cell location
if you forget
look in the mirror
and read them
in your eyes

when you have eaten
drop your spoon
into the bucket
beside the door
there are no knives
allowed in here
aside from those
in the Captain's smile

walk near the walls
they are the only
friends you can
always depend upon
to guard your back

wash as often
as they allow
try to convince
yourself the water
which falls
from the showerhead
is not some
invisible indelible paint
to mark you for
the rest of your life

Smoke

It is easy to recognize
letters from prison,
not just by the numbers
after the names and
the typeface that inches
out an address,
but by the way they
smell of smoke,
a dry cold smoke,
the kind that sinks
into stone and turns
flesh chalky grey,
smoke drifting up
and through the bars,
smoke that is money,
ten packs for a thermos
of bootlegged wine,
ten cartons to pay
off a gambling debt
before someone finds
your back in the Yard,
swishes a razor blade
ten smooth times
and watches your
greens flow red,
smoke that makes paper
brittle and old,
the breath of those
whose breath is measured
in four pages of poetry
written by hand
on blue-lined paper
rising like smoke
from their dreams.



The prison librarian



Among the shelves of old books,
texts from the twenties,
A Boy's Book of Electronics
& the Bobbsey Twins
his desk, just inside the door,
his feet on the desk,
his stomach resting
like a medicine ball between
his chest and his groin.

For a time a new librarian
was here, a college grad
with a mustache & thoughts
of working like a real

but he quit in three months
because he felt the administration
expected him to be a guard.

And back, his feet on the
desk, hands behind his head
into the room floated
the old librarian
who always answered
every question about his
books the same:

"I dunno, I call 'em as I see 'em."
And before he came to work
at the prison, years ago,
he was a mortician.

Mitch

Your face, darker browed
than a mask of Shango,
once worried me-- a new man
in our class, until the day
you asked me how I felt,
really felt about the
class, you dig?

I've forgotten the words
I used, but yours were:
"Yeah, y'know, it glows in here!"

Your mother, her voice deep
with emotion that moved me
like the surface of a pond
plucked by rain said
when I called her
the night they put you in The Box:
"The Judge gave him that sentence
because he was so smart!
'Your intelligence is a menace
to society,'
was what he said."

Get rid of all of those
white writers except Dostoevsky.
You gotta keep him!
You once told a nervous
English Department Chairman
at C.W. Post.

And you are gone, to the Special
Treatment Center at Dannemora,
where rumors of drugs and
lobotomies drift back to us
like ripples on a stagnant pond.

And a manuscript of your poems
and your plays is still in my desk.





Mountain and river

for Mike Hogan and Jimmy Lewisohn

As I stand
on the top of the mountain
the time of day
when clouds grow dark as earth
when rivers and lakes
are silver and gold
with the falling sun
I think of my two friends.

One of them is like the mountain
worn with years, rock slides
have torn great pieces
of his heart away and torrents
have cut into his flesh,
winds worn his summit bare.
Yet, gentle and sure, he endures,
higher than the rocks around him.

My other friend is like the river,
flowing swiftly, catching all the drops
of rain which fill a hundred slopes
with swift streams, each adding
to his strength as he cuts through
the stones which seek to bind his banks.
He moves, heading surely
for the sea.

Mountain and river
and I who only because of this moment's
brief elevation can compose my poem
and feel ashamed before them.

Magazines and newspapers are forbidden. Reading material for the two-hundred men in my cellblock consisted of a few paperback novels, all of which had pages missing, pages used by jack-offs, pages scribbled over with macho philosophy life:

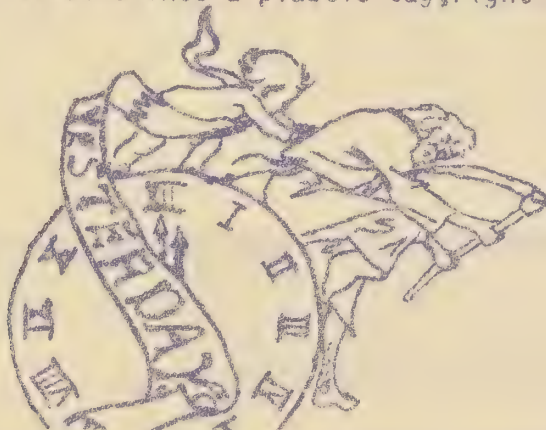
"Punk? You call me a punk? Lookie here, Jack
I'm a punk's brother,
If you don't believe me
Ask your mother."

I fell asleep that first night wishing I were dead.

The next morning while in the messhall, I became keenly aware of those around me. It was as if the messhall was under a giant magnifying glass. I was overwhelmed by scraping spoons on metal plates, by greasy lips and fingers moving in unison; close up I saw the punks and jockers, the snitches and ice-pickers, saw thinning hair and cataracts, razor scars and cheap tattoos, steel buttons on coarse white cloth, exhausted eyes that longed to suck me into their dark hell. I could smell the waste, fear, and sadness around me. I wasn't sitting in a messhall, but a graveyard!

There was Frank, a Chicano I served time with at El Reno back in 1951. And Eddie, we were cellmates over 20 years ago. Dallas Slim, severely wounded during an escape in 1959. His older brother drowned in the Brazos River running from the dogs. I could see Chuck, Big Tex, and Dago eating mechanically four tables away—the fire they walked through! I tried to locate some of the kids on the chain bus, but they were too scared to look up.

Suddenly I had to vomit. I took off for my cell. A picket guard yelled for me to stop. I walked on. Out in the main hall someone tugged at my shirt-tail. It was "Box Man" Joey Lange, cut to pieces by police bullets in '49, shitting out his side into a plastic bag, right arm limp and wither-



ed. "Did you read about my bust?" Joey asked excitedly, his big grin revealed a full row of rotten teeth. "What a shootout! They gave me 75 summers, but I can do it balanced on my dick! Hang tough . . . We'll get another shot."

It was great to be back home!

SIDE EFFECTS

The clinic door cracked open with the force of a Nark raid. In came two convict goons dragging a prisoner by his muddy heels. The goons were hard, mean, with brains like wet concrete. Once inside the clinic the big goons slid the unconscious prisoner across the waxed floor like a sack of rotten potatoes. He crashed against a wooden bench where he lay motionless. The goons left without a word.

Before Dax or I could react to this bizarre scene, a Line Boss charged through the door red-faced and barking: "I want this nigger on his feet in five minutes," pointing at the man on the floor. "Been playin' possum all day," continued the angry Boss. "Ain't shit wrong with the nigger . . . Check him out . . . send him to the Cap's Office . . . Five minutes!" the Boss commanded. "Nigger's goin' to court!"

Someone in my head shouted, "Get out the door!" This was Dax's business. He worked First Aid. I was loitering, waiting for chow. In these icy situations a convict is better off in his cell reading Ecclesiastes or scrubbing the John. The attitude, "What you don't see can't hurt you," has permitted many a convict to discharge his sentence.

I eased my way toward the open door, but the Line Boss slammed his thick arm against the frame. "Hold it!" The words bit my face.

Dax pressed a stethoscope to the prisoner's chest. He lifted an eyelid and placed his fingers on the man's neck. With a voice dripping with contempt, Dax informed the salty Line Boss: "If you get off to holding court on dead men, this guy's choice meat."

"What the fuck you tellin' me, Boy?" screamed the Boss. "Dead . . . Dead? The nigger can't be dead! I told you he's fakin'!" his rage a toxic mixture of disbelief and disappointment.

"Get outta here!" Dax yelled at the open-mouthed Boss. "Get outta my face!" I couldn't decide what was worse: showing a disrespect for a Line Boss or not reviving the malingering convict. The startled Boss bolted through the door. I was hot on his heels, but Dax stopped me. "Freeze!" Dax hissed. "I'll need a witness. This is bad shit. I'm not gonna ride the heat. The guy was DOA from the cotton patch."

"No sweat," I croaked, "but I don't like it."

"Who does?" Dax questioned.

The Line Captain walked into the clinic as we lifted the dead prisoner onto a metal table. "Boy, you've got a sick kind of humour," spoke the Captain, not convinced the prisoner couldn't stand trial for dragassing. "What's this all about?" asked the Captain, his metallic eyes demanding a quick answer.

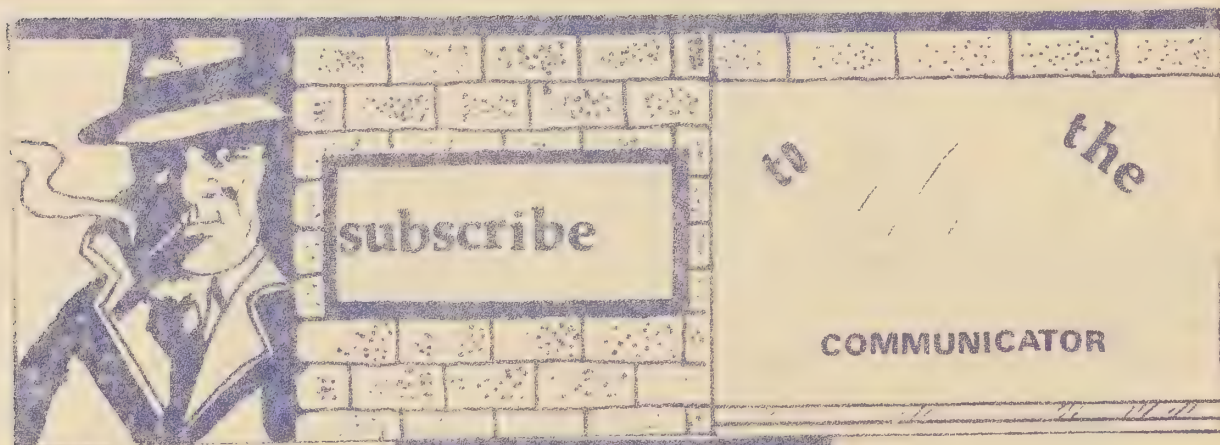
"The man's dead, Captain . . . That's all I can tell you."

"Call for an ambulance," ordered the Captain. "The nigger died in route to the hospital."

"What happened in the field?" Dax questioned the Big Boss.

"H-e-l-l, I don't know," slapping his sweat-crusted hat against an empty .44 holster. "The nigger complained of chest pains this mornin' Guess he wasn't lyin'."

The Captain headed for the door, stopped, turned, and addressed us in his kindest tone: "You boy's had chow? Tell the cook to fix you up some-thin' special." 8



started, and it seems to me that there needs to be a lot more community participation taking place, to help get the prison population motivated and more socially involved.

STEVENSON: Well, I find the community involvement pretty high but all I'm able to provide at this point is some kind of impression on things and reserve judgement on a lot of other things; but, you mention the aspect of apathy or difficulty in getting people going, I really can't comment on that, I really don't know. I think that if that is the case it's not necessarily only at Springhill, that across the country we are finding that first of all it is difficult to get anything going in an institution... there is a lot of redtape and bureaucracy, I face it but inmates have to really face if they want to achieve anything. But it is to Springhill's credit, from what I've seen at this point, that there are a lot of inmate-initiated programs, and I'm sure there has been a lot of staff assistance along the way... but some of that stuff has got to come from the population. It will be interesting to watch and see what sort of things come up.

COMMUNICATOR: I'll be interested to see what your impressions will be down the road a bit. Okeh. It is a fact that as of the end of the fiscal year 1978-79 there were 9,364 people serving time in federal institutions in Canada. On that same day it is also a fact that there were 9,862 employees working for the Penitentiary Service. Do you consider that an efficient use of manpower? Do you think that the taxpayer is getting his monies worth?

STEVENSON: I guess the only comment that I can make is that I've just come back from the States, Southern California. I had a chance down there to talk to a number of American wardens, people involved in corrections. They are facing staff/inmate ratios much much lower than ours, they are also facing lower budgets, they are having to deal with a lot of litigation, court action, that we are not faced with here. They've got a lot of problems that we don't have. But, it was interesting for me to try and get some sort of idea of the problems they are facing, some of which are related to a lower staff/inmate ratio than we have. The Canadian system can hold its head pretty high in comparison with what our American counterparts are doing. The kind of punctuation mark at the end of the sentence was that I toured San Quentin and there they have a ratio... they have, just to give you an idea, they have about 3,000 inmates there and somewhere in the neighborhood of about 1100 staff, 600 of whom are correctional. I can tell you that that ratio makes a big difference in terms of what can happen inside the prison. And, certainly, the inmates there, and I think in a lot of the other state and federal institutions, do not have the options that the Canadian system is offering. They certainly don't have the level of activity that we have: there is a lot of cell-time; there is a very inferior recreation program; they've never heard of a temporary absence program, other than medical. It's just a very different system and I'm sure anyone who has done time down there would agree.

You asked about the Canadian taxpayer, about whether the taxpayer is getting a fair shake... I don't know. I think we run better prisons than we would be if we were operating with a lower ratio. I can't argue with your figures, I don't know where they come from, I assume they're accurate...

COMMUNICATOR: Statistics Canada and the Solicitor General's Annual Report.

STEVENSON: I have some idea of the cost per year of keeping someone in prison, and that's exceptionally high... it's probably the highest in the world. But, yeh, I do. I think the Canadian taxpayer is getting value for his money and the only way you could deny that would be to try it some other way and see what the results are. The press is prone to putting down the penitentiary system and the criminal justice system as a whole in terms of what it is doing to protect (quote, unquote) society, and I think that we are treated unfairly, both the inmates and the administration of the institutions. I think there are a lot of inmates who hit the street and never come to public light again and are doing well, maybe in spite of but maybe in part because of what they've done in the institution. But we're not the total failures that we've been portrayed by some of the media.

COMMUNICATOR: What meaning would a recidivism rate have then?

STEVENSON: Well, it's kind of a thing that the press, again, tries to

focus upon, but I really have trouble with it, because I question what it means. If an individual stays out of prison, say six months longer than he might have because of his previous prison experience, he still becomes a statistic in terms of a recidivism rate, but he may also be benefitting personally from the experience. But, more than that, I think that if a person's behaviour changes, even if he is in trouble again with the law, if he's a better family man, if he's more active in his community, these things all need to be considered.

COMMUNICATOR: How about the qualitative difference between shop-lifting and bank robbing?

STEVENSON: Yeh, that's what I say. How do you measure those? The recidivism rate is an easy figure to grab onto and throw around and complain about; the police use it to measure our success, the press use it to measure our failure, but I don't think it means a lot.

COMMUNICATOR: That's one of the failures that's been a concern of many of us around here, getting back to that publicity thing: I'm in Number Ten unit and you might say I have a proclivity for being a frustrated social worker. I'm 43 and I see a lot of kids getting messed up and messing themselves up, and I see Number Ten being a superior effort to what has gone down in the past in trying to demonstrate to people that communication, especially verbal communication is superior to other kinds. One of the reasons that the T.C. hasn't gotten the kind of publicity I think it deserves is that a number of years ago a very quick, little study was done and they found that there was no difference in the recidivism rate; but nobody took the time to check and see what the guys who had been in the T.C. came back for, to see what change took place from that viewpoint. My contention is that you would find that guys tend to come back for crimes of less severity, less violence, maybe slightly more sophisticated; but maybe when people aren't quite as down on the white collar criminal as they are, say, on the guy using less sophistication, maybe they are right not to be so uptight.

STEVENSON: Yeh, there are bi-products. To measure the recidivism rate as something, that's just too easy, it's something we should try to avoid focusing on.

COMMUNICATOR: Okeh, in sort of the same vein... it is claimed that slightly under 60% of the federal prison population are in for what are called straight-forward crimes against property, no physical violence against another human being. It is also claimed by the Law Reform Commission of Canada that of those people who are in for straightforward property crimes that 65 to 70% of those people are there for having stolen, or displaced through damage or whatever, less than \$300 worth of property. It is also a fact that all the people serving time in federal prisons are doing at least two years and more. What would be your response to that kind of statement... you know, we have all these people doing time for crimes against property, for having displaced less than \$300?

STEVENSON: Well, not an expert on criminal justice, but... and I don't really have a sort of capsule, nutshell kind of response to give you, but there are certain things that come to mind. First of all, certainly, in the public view, crimes of violence outshine property crimes, but nevertheless the public is most concerned about protection of its property as well as life and limb, and I think they have a right to that concern, to that protection. Maybe what the Law Reform Commission is looking at is the statistics... they are not looking at individuals. Most of the people who are in our system now, in the federal system because of property crimes, have some sort of behaviour problem leading up to that, and it may very well be in the judge's eyes that this is the last resort, the last punitive measure that he can throw at him. I don't think there are too many offenders in our system that have broken the law along property lines for the first time and find themselves doing time in federal institutions. It's usually a thing that leads finally into an institution. Not too many people that I've run across serve time of more than two years for car theft or theft under \$300 or anything of that nature, so, if you look at the statistics, you'll probably find a fair number of people doing time for property crimes, if you look at what's led up to that then we're looking at a deeper issue. Also, the other thing is that Canada... the observation has been thrown at me that Canada is one of the leading countries in terms of how

quick it is to throw people into prison. Our justice system tends to use incarceration as a punitive measure at a much faster pace than virtually any other country... I think there are some exceptions, South Africa is one, the United States is another -- talking about on a per capita basis.

COMMUNICATOR: We're sitting at 5th or 6th in the so-called Free World...

STEVENSON: Yeh, but it's high in terms of the modern, civilized world. So, you know, if I was a lawyer and interested in that specific problem there would probably be a lot to look at, and I have to confess to not having focused too much on the issue, but I think it's something the Law Reform Commission is looking at, something the Department of Justice is looking at. I know that over the last few years there's been a lot of other techniques that are starting to be used more and more in the courts: fine systems, restitution, and things of that nature that judges are being encouraged to use more and more. Probably, in time, you'll see more of this kind of thing used in first and second offences.

COMMUNICATOR: So, it sounds like you tend to agree with the notion that where a person is less of a threat than a person who is into physical violence that community service kinds of sanctions and those kinds of things sound like a good idea.

STEVENSON: I think so. Not necessarily for the repeat offender... you know, the guy who is making a career out of it. For the first number of times, providing there is some indication on the individual's part that he intends to cooperate and go along with that form of punishment, I support community service sanctions. Certainly, socially, it's superior for society as a whole. If a guy's sincere and he's going to make use of that penalty, and going to be a reasonably productive social member, you know, pays his taxes and does a lot of things rather than being a drain on the social system but making a contribution to it, it's pretty hard to argue with it so long as the public can be reasonably satisfied that their property is going to be protected in spite of the fact that the guy is on the street.

COMMUNICATOR: What you seem to be saying then is that the fact that a person is in prison for a non-violent crime isn't necessarily the whole story. It may be only symptomatic of the kinds of personality traits he has, and the breaking of the law, whether it be for a violent act or for a crime against property is only one part of the picture. That's what you seem to have said in your response...

STEVENSON: Yeh, something along those lines. I'm not as down on the court system as a lot of people are. I tend to... my experience has been that they, and I'm sure there are a lot of people in the population who will disagree, but my experience has been that the courts tend to focus, if they feel it's possible, on other alternatives. And, in individual cases I am sure that a lot of people could argue against me. But I think that in dealing with the system as a whole and if people were honest with themselves and saw some of the breaks they got along the way, they would realize that the trouble did not automatically get them sent to prison. I also have a kind of overall view of prison as its linked with social problems and that's kind of a whole other story, but, certainly, we are, you know, as a prison, as Springhill Institution, a direct off-shoot, a direct product of social problems. We probably shouldn't get into that too much...

COMMUNICATOR: I don't know... you might be saying that you as a prison warden are being asked to correct what might have taken 25 years to create...

STEVENSON: Yeh, something along those lines. I'm not suggesting that that is an impossible task, I am suggesting that maybe society as a whole doesn't have a very clear view of what that involves. And, certainly, what that involves, essentially and basically, is a willingness or desire on the part of the individual to change in some way. I think mostly what prison does is give a guy a bit of a boot to try and tell him that something has gone wrong in his life and maybe he should have a good, hard look at himself and see what that problem is. Some people are capable of doing that, some aren't.

COMMUNICATOR: In a broad way, we've touched upon the things I had uppermost in my mind. If there is anything you would like to ad-

dress yourself to, please feel free to do so.

STEVENSON: Yeh, there probably are a couple of things I'd like to say: First and foremost, that I'm pleased to be in the institution. And my pleasure has been reinforced in the first couple of weeks that I've spent here, in the sense that I've felt, most of all, have received what I think was a fine reception from everybody that I've come into contact with. But, I'm more than pleased with the fact that I mentioned before, that things are going well generally speaking, and I hope that's true from the inmate's perspective as well. The Maritimes is the friendly place that I remembered it as. It's difficult enough to move a thousand or twelve hundred miles, and certainly in the community and in the institution, everyone's been helpful and responsive, and I'm very grateful for that. I look forward to the next period of time being the warden at Springhill and having an opportunity to meet people, to try and do something that should be done in institutions, and over time, hopefully, having my impact on the place felt to some extent and, hopefully, in a positive line. The institution I'm coming out of is, as I said, a sister institution, and while I'm not trying to remake Springhill, I was hoping that I can bring some ideas from there and put them into effect here at this institution. I'm coming out of an institution that had a fairly relaxed pace about it, there was no hyperness whatsoever and anybody from there who has done time there would probably see the parallels. My basic approach is to try to take things in a calm and relaxed way and that's best in this type of institution in the sense that if we can maintain a fairly relaxed environment and fairly decent working relationships, then everybody's going to benefit. I work strongly from that sort of perspective. I don't really have anything else, Bob, that I want to say now...

COMMUNICATOR: I think it's pretty obvious that you are getting a bit of the Welcome Wagon Treatment, and that is good because it doesn't always go that way. If you were perceived as an outsider, it might be a different ballgame, so I think you are right to feel that you're being welcomed.

STEVENSON: There are lots of small hurdles to get over and that need looking into... getting through the main entrance is one of them (laughing). . .

COMMUNICATOR: I have no trouble with that, except as a one-way situation (laughing).

STEVENSON: In time we can get together again, when I have a clearer perspective on things.

COMMUNICATOR: Okeh, good deal... I have a few things I'd like to get back to at a later date. Thanks very much.

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ANGELS MAKE THE FINALS

AFTER A DISMAL START IN THE SPRINGHILL SLO-PITCH LEAGUE THIS SUMMER, our entry, the ANGELS, have really been on the move. The slow start and fast finish of the team won it fourth place, and since the play-offs began they've continued to play good ball.

In the first round of the playoffs, they destroyed SURRETS in three straight and then turned right around to completely outplay and outclass the FIREMEN with three consecutive shut-outs. Thus, they went NINETEEN (19) STRAIGHT INNINGS without having a run scored against them.

The finals, which is a three team round-robin affair, however, will see the Angels up against the best in the ACES and the HAWKS. In their first two games they have won one and lost one.

NUMBER NINE WINS "A" LEAGUE

NUMBER NINE, led by JIM MacDONALD and DAVE TOWLER on the mound, pulled up their socks just in time this season and won the "A" league title. This gives them the bye for the semi-playoffs which began with second-place-finishers NUMBER ELEVEN meeting the NUMBER EIGHT third-place-finishers.

In the opening game of the semi-finals, NUMBER ELEVEN won a real squeaker by a 3 to 2 margin. In the second game, NUMBER EIGHT won 7-5. This indicates a long series with both teams pretty evenly balanced. It'll be interesting to watch.

NUMBER TEN REPEATS IN "B" LEAGUE

As predicted, NUMBER TEN has again won the "B" league SLO-PITCH title. The playoffs are well underway and NUMBER TEN has already knocked off NUMBER NINE in three straight. NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER ELEVEN are locked in a real dog-fight, with NUMBER EIGHT winning the first and third games. This series could go all the way. Despite NUMBER EIGHT'S dismal showing during the regular season, they are still strong enough to beat the second-place finishers, but only time will tell.

The real test in "B" league, no matter who wins the NUMBER ELEVEN/NUMBER EIGHT series, will be to beat NUMBER TEN. If they're beat, whoever does it will have earned their trophies, and that's for sure.

BALL SEASON WRAP UP: What We've Seen and What to Lookout For

In "A" league we haven't seen much of MEL REDDICK this year, but watch out in the play-offs, as he'll be everywhere for NUMBER EIGHT (even pitching, occasionally), and carrying a heavy bat. HARVEY LUNN is back to solidify a sometimes sloppy outfield for NUMBER EIGHT, while you can expect the usual performance from the other regulars. A lot depends on DENNY STATES, so let's see how his arm holds up.

From NUMBER ELEVEN we've seen some solid games this year, but in the crunch it all depends upon JUNIOR MARSHALL'S arm; but failing this, they've still got a good defensive team.

What to lookout for in "A" league then is a good series between NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER ELEVEN, with the winners really having their work cut-out to beat NUMBER NINE. The trick here is to grab a few runs and hang on. Pitching on the NUMBER NINE squad is strong and very few runs will be given up, so playing solid defensive ball will be essential if NUMBER EIGHT or NUMBER ELEVEN is to win.

In "B" league look for McCONNELL, HENNESSEY, BROOKS and a host of others to run completely rampant throughout the playoffs. If NUMBER EIGHT makes it to the finals, only fleet feet in the outfield will save them. GLEN GOSBY is at the controls for NUMBER EIGHT now and if anyone can whip them into shape it's him.

NUMBER ELEVEN played strong ball all season and with the return of DAVID FORD, they'll have a tighter infield. With TONY BARTLETTE their only power hitter, though, it may not be enough to beat NUMBER TEN. So far in the playoffs, they've been hitting well, but not in consistent rallies.

Finally, then, look for NUMBER TNE, barring a miracle, to win the "B" league championships this year, but keep your eye out for a good battle in "A" league all the way.

"A" LEAGUE FASTBALL STANDINGS

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RETURN OF

DOBSON'S

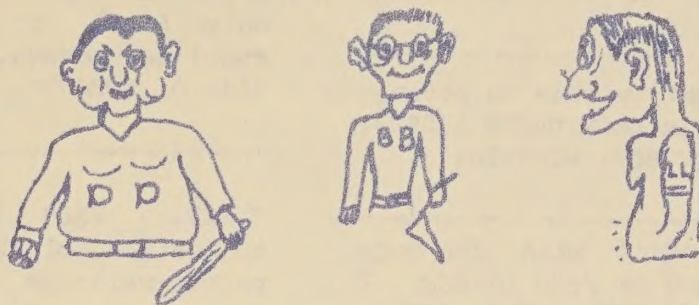
RAIDERS

by Bob Eby as mumbled to by Jimmy (The Axeman) LeBlanc

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT YOU CAN'T REHABILITATE ANYONE... PEOPLE HAVE TO DO FOR themselves. We have a situation over in NUMBER TEN UNIT, the Therapeutic Community, that really bears out the truth of that statement, really brings it home that you can explain things to people but you can't do it for them, that you can offer folks ways to improve upon themselves but they have to make their own moves, that you can wish the best for them but that they've got to go the step that gets things done for them.

The situation of which I am speaking has to do with our unit staff... now, they're not such a bad bunch of guys (if you exclude BENNY BROWN, DOUG DOBSON, GARY GALLAGHER, GEORGE BEATON, DONNY LAURIE, "LEFTY" LEGERE, "NICK" NICHOLSON, RALPH TERRACE, RED MADISON, DANNY BEATON, ARNOLD YOUNG and GARY JACKSON -- GLEN "GUT-FEELINGS" MANTHORNE excluded from the exclusions....). Like I was saying, they're not such a bad bunch of guys... a little dumb, maybe, but bad, no. I think they're dumb because I can well recall, it seems like only yesterday (time's like that when you're enjoying yourself) when they challenged the guys in our unit to a game of ball hockey. That's right, ball hockey! Now, can you imagine a bunch of elbow-bending, legion-bound reprobates having the audacity to challenge us to a game of ball hockey? I mean, it just boggles my mind to think of these men, these poor, nearly defenseless, old buggers coming onto us, all good intentions and all that gooey kind of stuff, but coming on nevertheless, and having the gall to actually challenge us to a game that takes more than having to get across the highway without tripping over the white line, takes more than knowing lots of good-old-boy war stories, takes more than being able to beat the pants off the village idiot in Crazy Eights or Drop The Hanky. I want to tell you, folks, these guys really are slow learners... when we played them in that challenge match in ball hockey, they even went so far as to try to get us alone in the gym, while the rest of the prison population were down watching a girlie show -- probably figuring that the best of our guys would opt out to go watch the girls take it off rather than the staff putting it on.... Anyway, the story of how we knocked the bejesus out of them has already been told within these pages and I'll not mention it again, but one would have thought they would have learned their lesson. It just goes to show you that recidivism really is insidious, really does have a way of sneaking up on you.

Well, Folks, I'm sad to say, they didn't learn anything from their last encounter with our guys. But, at least the last time they came around looking to be knocked on their cans, they had the presence of mind to challenge us to a tournament that took place with no witnesses; I mean they wouldn't even let us have spectators at the ball hockey game! Well, they really did it this time. They challenged us to a game of Slo-Pitch Baseball. Now, it isn't bad enough that they would challenge guys who are obviously the slowest mother.....s you ever came across and who practice at it all the time, but they were dumb enough to demand that the game be held OUTSIDE the prison, down in the very community where most of them live. Well, Jesus, I couldn't believe my ears... I mean, my God, ain't they got no sense at all? Right in front of their wives and children, their relatives and friends and everything....



It took our guys about three pitches before they got wind of "Casey" Dobson's secret pitch... the only thing secret about it was no-one could figure how the poor old guy thought he could get away with throwing something like that. We figured it must have dated back to the daze when he used to play in the girl's softballs league back in Ecum Secum, back in the olden daze when nobody paid any attention to the fact that you walked kind of odd. Our guys blasted eight runs off the pore ol' thang... DAVE BROOKS hit a 2 run homer, CURTIS (Psssstt) MARSHALL got 3 hits to match the 3 putouts he made. DOUG (Wanta-rent-a-skin-book?) DONALD smacked another 2 run homer off the end of his bat, putting our guys, JIMMY (The Axeman) LeBLANC, BOB SHEAVES, RICK RUNDLE, FRED (Like-a-bat-out-of-hell) SHARPE and PERRY (AHH-HAAA!) BECKWITH way out front 8-2.

The staff, ha ha, fought, ha ha ha, fought, ha ha ha ha, fought back, haha hahahahaha back by, hahahahahahaha putting DANNY MacDONALD in as a hahahahaha hahahahahahahahaha pitcher! Well, Jesus, that was something to see... DANNY (How-long-your-feet-been-up-on-the-desk?) MacDONALD relieving "Casey" DOBSON on the mound. Some smart alex yelled out, asking if they thought they should shake it like that standing out there in front of everybody. I don't know what he meant, but Danny got all flustered (something like he does when you ask him to do some work around here) and Casey just stood there looking like he always does, picking his nose.

Our very own (We've been trying to give him away but it never works) KEVIN NORMAN played for the staff. That's what I mean about how dumb they are... hell, Kevin spent all his time talking to the girls up in the stands, so much so that he forgot to run on a hit by COLIN MARTIN. DONNY LAURIE was seen smacking a fly around in the fifth inning that some thought might have been good for a 3 run homer but it turned out to be a dear fly and Don didn't have the heart to hold onto it, so he gave it to JIMMY MacDONALD, downing the side. There was a point in the game when it looked like DOBSON'S RAIDERS might pull it out of the bag -- the "CRUSHER," I mean, "Casey" was at bat with 2 out and bases loaded when he banged a loooooong fly ball all the way to second base where JIMMY LeBLANC was waiting for it. Rumour has it that LeBlanc was told that if he'd drop it he'd make a day parole; LeBlanc is supposed to have told "Casey" that he's had better offers at the YMCA where they tell you if you'll drop it they'll let you parole all night!

DOBSON'S RAIDERS were so desperate to win the game that they even risked the protection of society by extending the pass from a 7 inning game to 9 innings. We heard later that the local RCMP were awful nervous... they probably figured they were next -- the final score for the... uh... the uh... final-score-for-the-game... game?... was 16 for the Good Guys and the others got 6.

When I was asked how come so few staff names got mentioned in the rough draft of this article, I told them that the staff never read this rag anyway... if they did, I'd probably end up working in the Sheet Metal Shop, hammering out mail-boxes and other creative goodies.... 1

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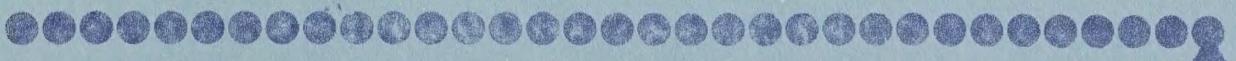
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